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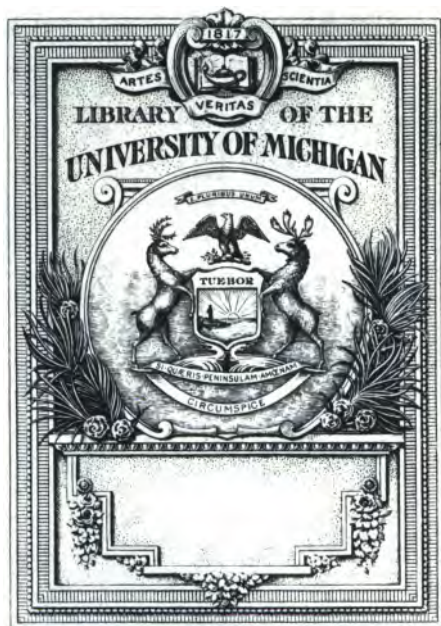
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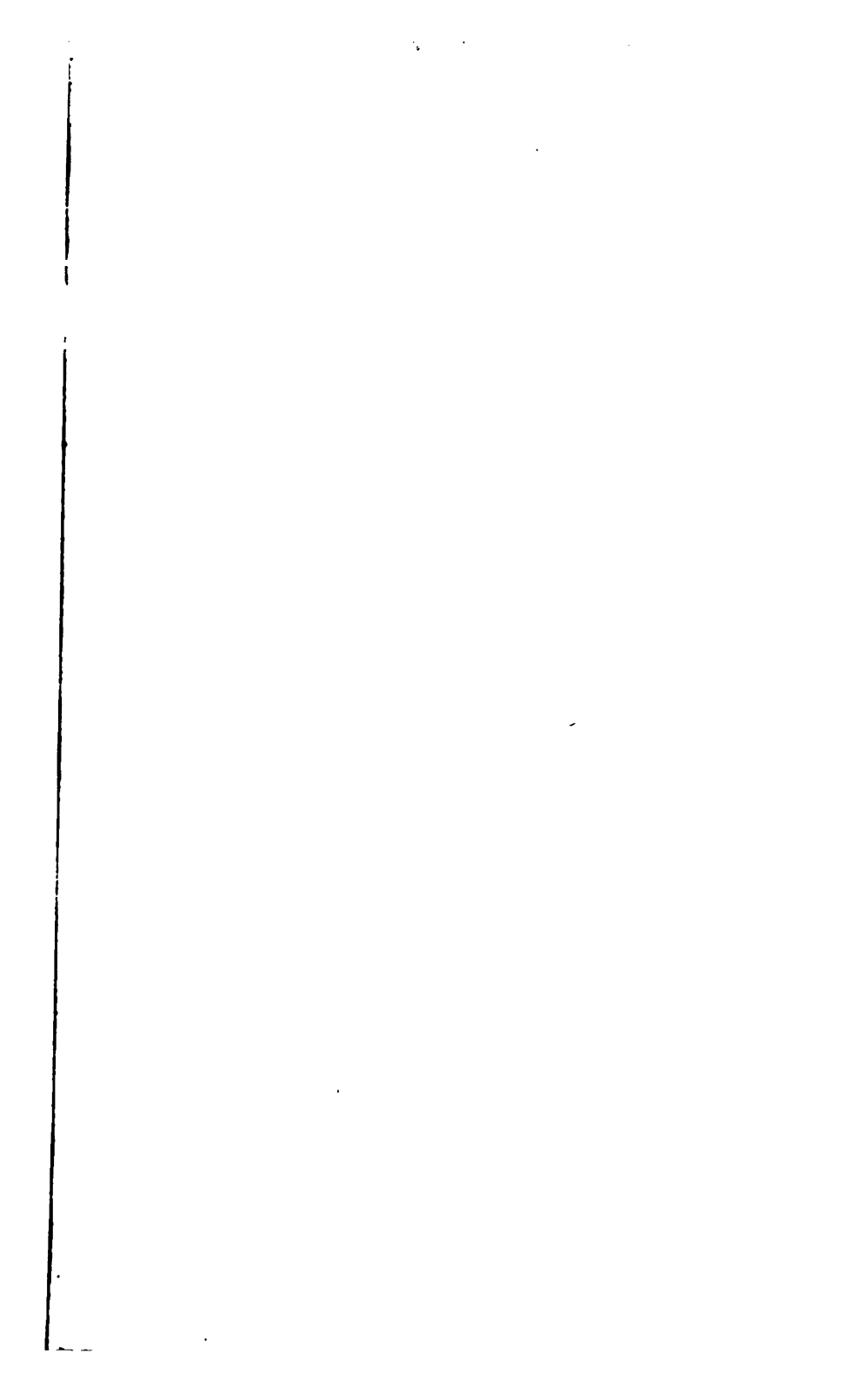
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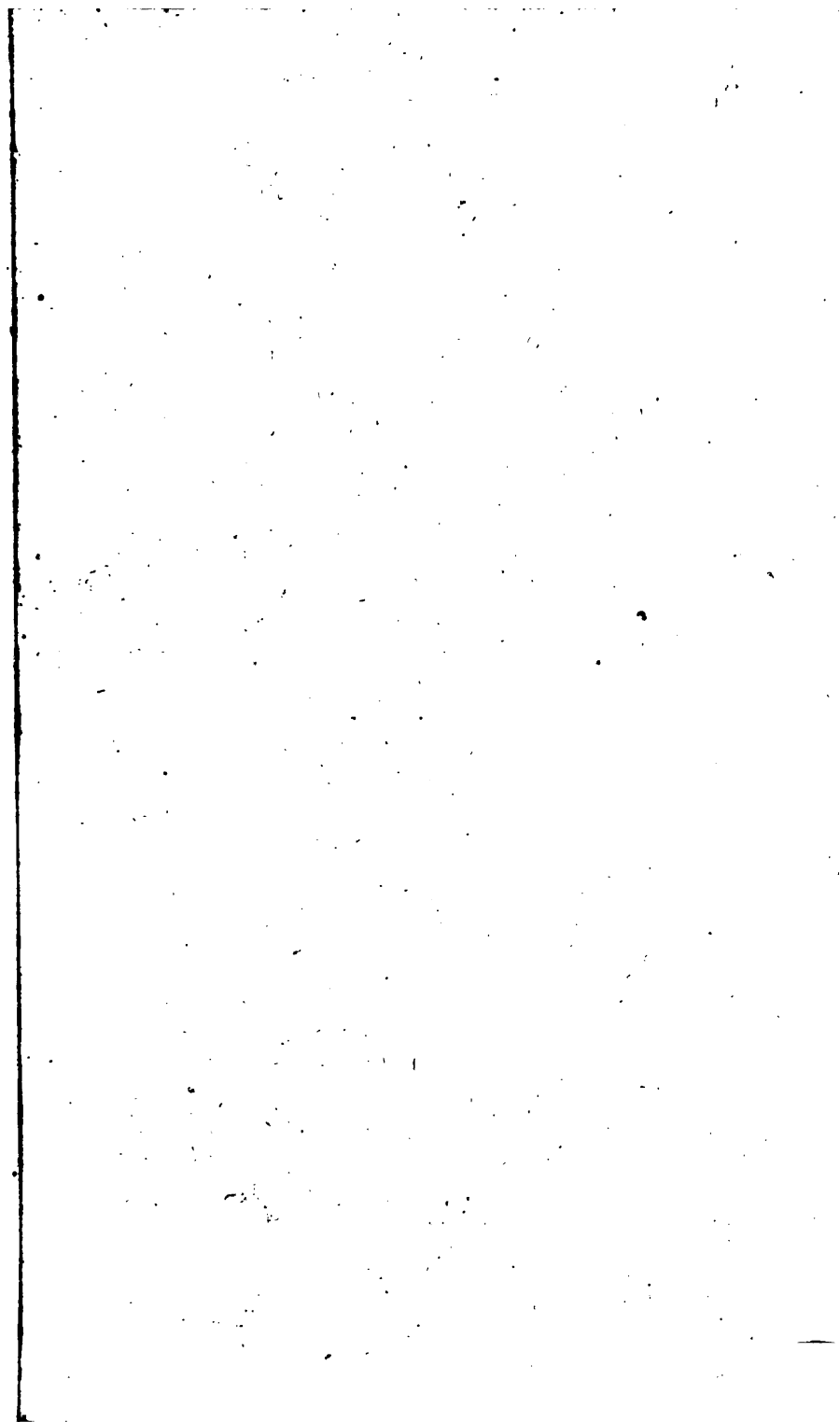
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Morris (colp)

VIEW OF LADYINGTON HILL REDES

P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE
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FARINGDON



FARINGDON HILL.

A

P O E M.

I N T W O B O O K S.

FIRST PRINTED, IN THE YEAR 1774.

FIES NOBILIUM TU QUOQUE MONTIUM.

VOL. II.

B

FARINGDON HILL, so called from the neighbouring town, is an eminence rising easily from the vale of White Horse; the whole of which it commands, as well as an extensive prospect over part of Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Wiltshire. It has a small grove on the top, which is a noted land-mark, being seen at a great distance every way.

F A R I N G D O N H I L L.

B O O K I,

NOW with meridian force the orb of day
Pours on our throbbing heads his sultry ray;
O'er the wide concave of the blue serene
No fleecy cloud or vapory mist is seen;
The panting flocks and herds, at ease reclin'd,
Catch the faint eddies of the flitting wind;
To silence hush'd is every rural sound;
And noontide spreads a solemn stillness round:
Alike our languid limbs would now forsake
The open meadow, and the tangled brake;

Here SOL intensely glows, and there the trees
Mix their thick foliage, and exclude the breeze.—
Come let us quit these scenes, and climb yon brow,
Yon airy summit where the ZEPHYRS blow;
While waving o'er our heads the welcome shade,
Shuts out the sunbeams from the upland glade:
No steep ascent we scale with feverish toil,
No rocks alarm us, and no mountains foil;
But as we gently tread the rising green,
Large, and more large extends the spacious scene;
Till on the verdant top our labour crown'd,
The wide Horizon is our only bound,

What various objects scatter'd round us lie,
And charm on every side the curious eye!—
Amidst such ample stores, how shall the Muse
Know where to turn her sight, and which to
choose?—

Here

Here lofty mountains lift their azure heads;
 There it's green lap the grassy meadow spreads;
 Enclosures here the sylvan scene divide;
 There plains extended spread their harvests wide;
 Here oaks, their mossy limbs wide stretching,
 meet

And form impervious thickets at our feet;
 Through aromatic heaps of ripening hay,
 There silver Isis wins her winding way;
 And many a tower, and many a spire between,
 Shoots from the groves, and cheers the rural scene.

Still as I look, fresh objects seem to rise;
 And lovelier pictures strike my raptur'd eyes,
 As young remembrance paints each sylvan glade,
 Where full of glee my careless childhood stray'd.
 Though other hills perhaps as large a field
 To warm description's fairy powers may yield,

As rich a prospect to the sight display,
O'er meads as verdant, and o'er plains as gay;
Yet, when in MEMORY'S fond mirror shewn,
The country smiles with beauties not it's own;
Her fair reflection new delight supplies,
And every floweret blooms with deeper dyes;
The landscape seems to brighten while I gaze,
And PHOEBUS shines with more than summer rays;
O'er the high woods a livelier verdure reigns,
And more luxuriant harvests deck the plains;
Even when fell winter spreads his mantle drear,
And big with snow descends the inclement year,
Let but her glass reflect the dismal view,
The wither'd trees their wonted charms renew;
The feather'd tribes resume their chearing lay,
And spring her odors, and his beams the day;
DECEMBER yields to APRIL'S milder power,
And vernal blossoms grace the wintry hour.

O

Book I. FARINGTON HILL.

7

O sacred NATURE! Nymph divinely bright!
Unfold thy various prospects to my sight;
With thee o'er breezy uplands let me rove;
Or tread the devious labyrinth of the grove;
When from the east the glorious orb of day
Shoots o'er the burnish'd cliff his golden ray,
When splendid in meridian light array'd,
His piercing beams the woodland gloom pervade;
When wrap'd in misty evening's sober reign
The increasing darkness steals across the plain;
When o'er the dusky stole of silent night
The DELIAN Goddess throws her silver light;
When gently o'er the flower-empurpled vale
The vernal ZEPHYRS breathe a genial gale;
When, as fierce SUMMER's sultry beams descend,
With blushing fruit the loaded branches bend;
When AUTUMN crowns the hills with waving corn,
And pours profusion from his twisted horn;

While deepening shade on shade the woods are seen,
 From the full crimson to the faded green;
 Or when, it's leafy honors swept away,
 The scatter'd forest yields to winter's sway;
 When the cascade, by icy fetters tied,
 Must cease to murmur, and the stream to glide;
 While blows the storm, or falls the chilling rain,
 Or fleecy snows o'erspread the whiten'd plain;
 In every hour and season let me trace,
 Enchanting NATURE! thy transcendent grace;
 With eager eyes thy lovely form survey,
 And bless with grateful voice thy boundless sway.
 Happy the youth! on whose high honor'd head
 The sacred Nine their fostering influence shed,
 Though they refuse the lasting wreath, whose bloom
 Shall grace his living brow, and deck his tomb;
 For the fresh laurel give a sickly flower,
 Boast of a day, and glory of an hour;

Yet

Yet taught by them his ravish'd eyes explore
 The choicest objects of thy charming store :
 For him their strains the sylvan warblers breathe,
 For him fair MAIA twines her flowery wreath ;
 Fragrant for him the morning breezes blow,
 The poplar trembles, and the fountains flow ;
 Thy various beauties strike his raptur'd breast,
 And NATURE doubly charms by FANCY dress'd.

Enough has FANCY, frantic with delight,
 O'er the gay region stretch'd her vagrant flight ;
 Let sage Experience now of brow severe
 Arrest her soaring in her bold career :
 Nor thou, historic Truth, thy aid refuse,
 But join the labors of the rural MUSE ;
 With friendly care the pleasing toil divide,
 That while she paints the blooming landscape's
 pride,

Thy

Thy voice each storied relick may explain,
And tell the former fortunes of the plain.

First to the north direct your roving eyes,
Where fair OXONIA's verdant hills arise;
There BURFORD's downs invite the healthful chase,
Or urge the emulous courfers to the race;
While as with agile limbs the ascent they scale,
Rush down the steep, or sweep across the vale,
Exulting Hope, by turns, and chilling Fear
In the pale cheek and eager eye appear;
Each generous fire in every heart is lost,
By fortune favor'd, or by fortune cross'd;
Flies every Virtue, withers every Grace,
And all the selfish Passions take their place.

Emerging from the thicket's bosom, there
See BAMPTON's pointed steeple rise in air:

To

To farther distance now the prospect drawn,
 Lo WITNEY'S spire diversifies the lawn!
 Whose busy loom to balmy sleep supplies
 A guard from wintry cold and freezing skies:
 There WHICHWOOD'S oaks thick-waving o'er the
 glade

Yield to the salvage tribe an ample shade:
 And in the horizon faintly ting'd with blue
 Thy woods, imperial BLENHEIM! close the view;
 NATURE between one verdant carpet spreads
 Of fruitful pastures and enamel'd meads;
 Whose beading reeds, and osier'd banks among,
 Fair ISIS rolls her virgin waves along;
 Her horn while PLENTY pours on every side,
 And PALES reveals where her waters glide.

Hail, lovely ISIS! dear parental stream!
 The pride of Commerce, and the Poet's theme:

Though,

Though, vain of borrow'd pomp, imperious THAME,
Deck'd with the praise which ought to wait thy
name,

Triumphant pours his swelling waves along,
Hail'd by the bard, and dignified in song;

Thy silver urn the affluent tide bestows,
And from thy source the plenteous current flows:
Such is the fate that female honors find,
When to a mate unequal fondly join'd.

O had thy stream! like ARETHUSE of old,
It's virgin waters unpolluted roll'd,

Old THAME through humble vales had pass'd
alone,

Sung by no bard, unnoticed, and unknown;
While thine had been confess'd the unrival'd pride,
To waft in commerce with each rising tide,
With foreign spoils AUGUSTA's walls to greet,
And lay the nations tribute at her feet:

Thine

Thine been the boast to flow, with current clear,
 Through * meads to BRITISH Freedom ever dear,
 Where the bold Barons in a happy hour
 Wrested her charter from a tyrant's power;
 While grateful bards contended to rehearse
 Thy virgin glories in no vulgar verse;
 For long as WINDSOR rais'd her sylvan shade
 Or COOPER'S swelling hill o'erlook'd the glade,
 Sacred to fame thy stream had flow'd along,
 In POPE'S soft lays, or DENHAM'S sounding song.
 Then as thy lucid current gently stray'd
 Through fair ETONA'S academic shade;
 While by thy side his silver Lyre he strung,
 GRAY to thy wave his dulcet notes had sung:
 And many a bard in GRANTA'S vale who strays,
 And tunes to hoary CAM his votive lays,

* Runy-mead, near Staines, where Magna Charta was signed.

Whose

Whose youthful Fancy and Invention new
Cull'd the fresh flowers that on thy borders grew,
Had join'd to celebrate thy classic fame,
And half his tribute paid to Isis' name.

And lo! where heathy *CUMNER's envious height
Hides all thy letter'd triumph from my sight!
Where 'midst fair RHEDICINA's gothic towers,
Her hallow'd cloisters, and PIERIAN bowers,
ISIS her silver urn inclines, and views
The votive wreath of every grateful MUSE.
No rivulet there from thee their tribute draws,
Usurps thy fame, or shares their just applause:
But gentle CHERWELL hears with joy their lays,
And loves the strain that chants a sister's praise;
Pleas'd if the MUSE, to grace her head, bestows
One roseate flower that on thy Margin blows.

* Cumner-hurst, a hill near Oxford.

Nor shall thy reeds in future times complain
Of slighted worth and THAME's usurp'd domain;
That his too favor'd stream with princely
waves

The crowded walls of proud AUGUSTA layes;
The votive verse that POPE and DENHAM
raise,

And breathe to him the swelling note of praise;
For him that GRAY the strain unequal'd frames,
And sings the moral ode to hoary THAMES;
Since fair OXONIA's polish'd sons unite
To vindicate thy classic current's right;
Since every MUSE to thee consigns her lays,
And every SCIENCE on thy border strays;
And every Grace, and every Art, whose powers
In symmetry have rais'd her dædal towers,
To listening crowds thy parent worth proclaim,
And found their pride on thy maternal name.

Ere

Ere yet such scenes of pomp thy channel knows,
While humbly here thy lingering water flows;
While yet thy virgin waves obscurely glide,
Sung by no MUSE, nor boast a classic tide;
Say wilt thou here incline thy urn, to heed
The inglorious warbling of my Doric reed?
Though here no city spread her various stores,
No costly villas crown thy peopled shores;
Yet every charm of Peace's rural reign
Attends thy progress through each smiling plain.
The flocks and herds here crowd thy rushy brink,
Graze on thy sides or from thy bosom drink;
And every herb, and every flower that blows
On the green margin where thy current flows;
If a luxuriant bloom they justly boast,
Beyond the produce of another coast;
As in thy glassy wave their charms they see,
Shall own they owe each vivid tint to thee.

Yet

* Yet glittering spears have here been whilom

seen,

And purple war has stain'd thy ofiers green ;

Here hostile swords have shed a horrid gleam,

And floating corfes chok'd thy frighted stream ;

While Civil Discord drove with hideous roar

The trembling NAIADS from'thy widow'd shore.

Ah ! ne'er may arms again thy feats invade,

Or shouts of war disturb thy hallow'd shade ;

But heaven-born Peace with Plenty in her train

Fix on thy sedgy banks her halcyon reign.

† Here too, more fell than war's destructive race,

Has SUPERSTITION shewn' her gorgon face :

* There was a battle fought in Richard the second's time,
at Radcot-bridge just below Faringdon.

† The manor and hundred of Faringdon were granted
by King John to the abby of Beaulieu in the New Forest,
Hants.

Here where thy chearing stream with gentle waves
These fertile meads and verdant pastures laves,
Where now unwearied Industry resides,
And Toil exulting tills thy fruitful sides;
For LIBERTY protects the happy swains,
And PROPERTY secures what labor gains;
Ere the rich soil, though cultur'd, useless lay,
To monkish ease and luxury a prey,
While distant abbeys with thy wealth were stor'd,
The BRITISH subjects of an alien lord.
When bigot JOHN, despotic power to gain,
Found open force and treacherous cunning vain;
His daring nobles fir'd by virtuous pride
His arts eluded, and his force defied;
With ROME's anathemas he arm'd his hand,
And papal thunders shook the trembling land;
Thirsting for lawless sway, he stoop'd to own
His crown dependant on a foreign throne;

To foreign lords ignoble homage gave,
 To reign at home a tyrant and a slave.
 'Twas then the ravenous monks, a fordid crew,
 O'er all the wasted land like locusts flew;
 Each rich demesne that to the crown remain'd,
 By right, by forfeiture, or conquest gain'd,
 Was given to gratify the Church's pride,
 And bribe the holy cohorts to his side.
 Even 'mid those scenes of devastation wild,
 Where WILLIAM's power the fertile district spoil'd,
 The gazing pilgrim saw with strange surprize
 Aspiring structures 'midst the desert rise;
 And where no trace of man's abode was seen,
 No noise disturb'd the tenants of the green,
 Save the seas breaking o'er the sounding shore,
 Or the faint dashing of the distant oar;
 There haughty BEAULIEU's gothic arches bend,
 And high in air her glittering spires ascend;

While the wild forest's hairy sons around
Start at the unusual anthem's swelling sound.
These fruitful plains, in that unhappy hour
Of papal sway and sacerdotal power,
Were doom'd the new-raised abbey to maintain,
And distant BEAULIEU rul'd the fair domain.
The famish'd swain beheld with mournful eye
The verdant meadows round him useless lie;
While pamper'd ignorance and priestly pride
The rich productions of the land divide;
Till HENRY's haughty soul the bondage broke,
Redeem'd the nation from the servile yoke,
And suffer'd active Industry once more
To dwell, fair ISIS! by thy happy shore:
Hence as these blooming fields, (thus heaven
decreed,)
A tyrant shackled, so a tyrant freed.

Yet

Yet now, as thro' the abbey's mouldering dome
The Muses oft with wandering footsteps roam,
And, while with silver radiance LUNA's beam
Shoots through the lengthening files a trembling
gleam,

As pensive Meditation points the way,
By ruin'd piles and nodding towers they stray:
See o'er the impending arch the ivy spread,
And gothic pillars threat the passer's head,
Struck with the awful scene, the astonish'd train
Bewail the fall of SUPERSTITION's reign.
Hence many a bard has o'er the ruins hung,
And mourn'd the devastation as he sung;
Has Error's fate in plaintive verse deplor'd,
And wept the day that Reason's rights restor'd.

As bending upward near her scanty source
We backward trace the river's narrowing course,

Her pointed spire see * LECHLADE proudly
rears!

And lowly CRICKLADE on her banks appears;
† CRICKLADE, where first, when GRECIA's letter'd
train,

By Slavery exil'd from their native plain,
To fair HESPERIA's vales their science bore,
To GALLIA's fields, and ALBION's distant shore;
Those strains ILISSUS' stream was wont to hear
Were pour'd, O ISIS, on thy raptur'd ear:
While GRECIA's Muse, around whose matron
brow

Had twin'd the ATHENIAN olive's fruitful bough,
Forc'd by the rage of MAHOMET's savage host
To quit with lingering step BYZANTIUM's coast;

* A market-town in Gloucestershire lying on the Isis.

† Cricklade is a town in Wiltshire, from which the navigation of the Isis begins; said to have been originally called Grecklade, from the Greek language being first taught there in England.

Her

Her drooping forehead with thy oſiers bound,
 And on thy brink a new LYCEUM found;
 Till woo'd by princely gifts, theſe peaceful bowers
 She left for GRANTA's and OXONIA's towers.
 And here thy waves, by learning now unknown,
 To buſy Commerce ſacred flow alone,
 Where fiſt the loaded raft, and cumberous barge,
 Truſt to thy placid breſt their weighty charge.

Ah, ISIS! can the MUSE forget that hand,
 Whoſe wanton cruelty thy ruin *plann'd?
 Or not forgetting, from reſentment free,
 Recall the hours that threaten'd fate to thee?
 When vain * projectors doom'd thy ſtream to flow
 Through meads, neglected, lingering, ſad, and
 ſlow;

* Alluding to the ſcheme of cutting a canal inſtead of
 continuing the navigation of the river.

Till the o'er-loaded wave should scarcely force
Through gathering sand, and sedge, it's laboring
course;

While in thy stead their plastic power should
guide

The stagnate lake by wintry rains supplied.

Perish such schemes! nor by their use be lost

The noblest river, BRITAIN'S Isle can boast!—

Let channels, form'd by art, be ever led

Where no fair current wears a native bed;

Then through the obstructing hill, and o'er the
vale,

Like EGERTON conduct the swelling fail:

Even ISIS shall applaud, if from her source,

To where SABRINA pours her amber course,

They bid the smooth canal it's length display,

And feed with copious springs the tedious way:

Till

Till the fraught barge the extended line explores
From BRISTOL'S crowded wharf to LONDON'S
princely shores.

More westward when we cast our wandering
eyes,

Level as ocean's bed the champaign lies :
While, like some promontory's rugged brow,
Proud * BADBURY'S height o'erlooks the plain
below,

Where, in yon SAXON camp, the mill its sails
Spreads to the wind, and courts the rising gales.
Beneath how open lies the spacious scene!
No lofty mountains envious intervene ;
But o'er the extended lawns our fancies stray,
Till lost in hazy mists they fade away ;

* A high hill, between Faringdon and Colehill, where
there are remains of an encampment.

By

By faint degrees the distant prospect dies,
And the blue landscape melts into the skies.

Where gently COLE's pellucid waters glide,
Here * FAIRFORD rears her tower with conscious
pride ;

Whose windows, with historic painting dight,
Attract the curious traveller's wondering sight :
And there, conspicuous 'mid the lawnly glade,
Fair CIRENCESTER spreads her ample shade.
Hail happy seat ! whose twilight glooms among
Full many a bard has rais'd the tuneful song.
Grows not an oak his hundred arms who spreads
O'er the gay verdure of thy fruitful meads ;
Sighs not a grotto to thy murmuring gales,
Nor flows a fountain through thy winding vales.

* Fairford is a town in Gloucestershire, famous for the glass
in the church windows, painted by Albert Durer.

But

But seems a classic influence to diffuse,
 To Science dear, and haunted by the Muse:
 Who oft as morning pours her misty ray,
 Or fades the glimmering beam of parting day,
 Explores each nodding grove, and every plain,
 Sacred to her and all her favorite train.
 These scenes could ADDISON'S chaste notes inspire;
 Here POPE harmonious struck his silver lyre;
 Caught 'midst these solemn shades the glorious
 plan,

"To vindicate the ways of God to man."

ARBUTHNOT here, and SWIFT, with useful art,
 Rear'd Satire's dreaded scourge, or steel'd her
 dart:

Here PRIOR the GRACES form'd thy softer lay
 And taught the moral strain to blameless GAY;
 Each pleas'd the Master's praises to engage,
 The famed MÆCENAS of that happier age.

After

After such bards, O BATHURST, wilt thou deign
To mark the notes of my inglorious strain?
Shall I presume in these degenerate days
To form one humble verse to BATHURST's praise?
Yes, thou wilt deign my artless notes to hear,
Wilt to my strain inglorious bend thine ear;
And as thy patronage, with noontide ray,
Bade to full vigor shoot the verdant bay,
Taught it the flocks of Envy to deride,
And spread its waving boughs with summer
pride;
So thy declining beam with milder power
Shall shed its influence on the autumnal flower.

O blest old man! on thy thrice happy head
Her choicest gifts has smiling Fortune shed;
Has been for once from taste capricious free,
And true to virtue's cause in favoring thee.

As

As ANNA's hand around thy youthful brow
Thy country's fairest Honors taught to grow ;
So now, while JUSTICE bids exulting Fame
Tell to succeeding times her APSLEY's name,
Marking the source from whence his merit flows,
A fresher wreath thy grateful Prince bestows.
Meantime, disarm'd of all his hostile rage,
Lenient on thee descends the weight of Age ;
While still thy soul preserves her wonted power,
To charm the letter'd or the social hour :
No sharp Disease attends his gentle reign,
Nor palsied Indolence nor wasting Pain,
But healthful through the woods thy footsteps stray,
Where thy own oaks their gloomy shade display :
For to thy lot of all mankind is given
That joy peculiar by indulgent heaven,
To see, while round the barbarous hand of taste
Deforms the grove, and lays the forest waste,

O'er

O'er each uncultur'd hill, and barren glade,
Thy rising thickets spread unusual shade,
And, in their full luxuriance dress'd, display
Their waving foliage to the face of day.

May thy example BRITAIN'S lords inspire!
O may they catch from thee the patriot fire!
Then shall the DRYADS, and their sprightly train,
Rove o'er the extent of many a barren plain:
O'er the bleak waste, where dreary heath and skies
Fatigue the sight, the forest then should rise;
Again on WINDSOR'S heights the woods be seen,
And all her fable hills be cloth'd with green;
Her ruffet mountains send their oaks once more
To waft destruction to some hostile shore.

What tho' BRITANNIA'S plains manur'd with care
Refuse the plants of every soil to bear;

What

What though no olive grow among her vales,
 No citron groves perfume her balmy gales;
 Though INDIA'S spicy forests are denied,
 Nor spreads JUDEA'S palm her leafy pride;
 Yet her thick woods unnumber'd trees produce,
 Sacred at once to ornament and use.
 With verdant beech her towering hills are spread,
 And SCOTIA'S pine erects her gloomy head;
 The shapely fir, that graced OLYMPUS' * brow,
 Deigns o'er her heights to wave her silver bough;
 And, holy LEBANON, thy cedars rise,
 Hang o'er her cliffs, nor dread her northern
 skies;

The elm, and pliant ash, a vigorous train,
 Deck with resplendent green the smiling plain;

* The fir that Tournefort says grows in such abundance on Mount Olympus, is what we call the silver fir, which agrees remarkably well with this climate, and will bear the most exposed situations; as will also that beautiful evergreen the Cedar of Libanus.

The bending willow o'er the marshy glade
And shining poplar shed a trembling shade ;
And many a hardy plant is wafted o'er,
To grace her forests from the ATLANTIC shore,
Whose branches, rising from the kindred soil,
Mix with her trees, and pay the planter's toil.
Here too, matur'd by many rolling years,
Above the rest her native oak appears ;
Whose giant limbs extend her noblest boast,
Pride of her groves, and bulwark of her coast.

Sure when the DRUID train with awful rite
In pious orgies past the dreary night ;
While, as their steps the hallow'd trunk sur-
round,
The mystic mistletoe their foreheads bound ;
They meant to teach their sons succeeding race,
To venerate the groves that deck'd the place.

O ever on BRITANNIA's grateful breast,
 Unhurt by time, this image be impress'd!
 Still may her heart that sacred tree adore,
 Which drives Invasion from her peaceful shore;
 So shall each storm of war, whose fatal sway
 Speeds o'er her neighbouring realms its bloody
 way,

Break like the baffled storm against her coast,
 It's force unheeded, and it's fury lost;
 As her own oak defies the headlong course
 Of warring winds, and mocks the tempest's force.

Nor does fair ALBION view with envious eye
 The ripe productions of a southern sky.
 Let the rich vineyard spread its purple stores
 O'er GALLIA's coasts, and LUSITANIA's shores;
 Where with hard hands the tawny peasants press
 The swelling grape, a foreign board to bless:

Though 'neath our rougher heaven the docile vine
Around the lofty elm refuse to twine,
Yet has POMONA with no niggard hand
Her blushing orchards scatter'd o'er the land;
Whose ruddy fruits a generous stream produce
Strong as the cluster'd grape's inspiring juice.
Our humble vales the hop's green tendrils grace;
Clasping their stays in many a close embrace;
These to the bearded barley's harvest join'd,
By skill concocted, and with care refin'd,
A liquor yield, that BRITAIN'S sons draw forth
Mantling, and bright, the vintage of the north;
Which crowns the humble and the haughty board,
And cheers alike the Peasant and the Lord;
Regales o'erwearied Labor at his toil,
And teaches fainting Industry to smile.
The thankful swain beholds the goblet shine,
Nor envies other lands their rosy wine,

Where

Where slavish hinds with skilful hands prepare
 The luscious beverage, which they must not share.
 Refresh'd with this, BRITANNIA's sons sustain
 The keenest labors of the toilsome plain;
 Nor, when the hours of work are past, employ
 The vacant eve in gay luxurious joy,
 Trill the loose air, or beat the echoing ground
 To the soft flute, or tabor's sprightly sound;
 But with knit limbs on rougher pastime bent,
 They strain their sinews to their full extent;
 Direct the quoit, or hurl the massy bar,
 Or wage with brawny arms the sportive war,
 In other realms, to humble swains unknown,
 While Honor fires Nobility alone,
 Our meanest Peasants share the generous flame,
 And learn to glow at Freedom's hallow'd name;
 Hence have they, led by Glory's call afar,
 With hosts unnumber'd wag'd the unequal war;

Hence CRESSY's field, POITIER's victorious fray ;
Hence glorious AGINCOURT, thy wonderous day !
Hence EUROPE fav'd near DANUBE's distant
flood ;

And BLENHEIM's ramparts red with GALLIE
blood !

And hence those manly deeds renew'd again
On ABRAHAM's heights, and MINDEN's trophied
plain.

O ne'er may fell Corruption's tainting force
Poison of all our pride this happy source !
To false Refinement with destructive pains
Polish the manly roughness of our swains !
Exil'd from other realms, while here alone
Fair Liberty erects her holy throne,
The exulting train, her glorious gifts who share,
Will scorn of foreign crowds the suppliant air :
Who

Who fees our clowns obsequious, fees the day
That gives our Glory and our Rights away.
In vain would laws guard Freedom's sacred shrine,
If Freedom's sons their native worth resign;
In vain shall Fraud attempt, or Force alarm,
While Valor steels the breast, and Labor nerves
the arm.

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FARINGDON HILL.

BOOK II.

THE fultry hours are past, and Phœbus now
 Spreads yellower rays along the mountain's
 brow :

The broken clouds unnumber'd tints display,

Drinking the effulgence of departing day ;

And to our eyes present a radiant view,

ITALIA's purpled ether never knew.

The eastern prospect now attracts the sight

Where every shrub reflects the setting light :

With ruddy flash the cottage casement gleams,

And shines the waving wood with golden beams.

Where Isis stream divides yon distant glade,
 Lo * NUNEHAM rises 'midst the sombre shade;
 While at her feet, as the clear current bends,
 The lofty spire of ABINGDON ascends.
 HYGEIA and her OREAD train inhale
 On † RADLEY's site the pure ethereal gale.
 On ‡ CHERBURY's ramparts, urg'd by peaceful toil,
 The shining plowshare turns the fruitful soil,
 Where erst the peasant saw with anxious fear
 The gleaming falchion and protended spear.
 On || HINTON's verdant brow the lofty trees
 Tremble obedient to the evening breeze:
 And § PUSEY her inverted dome furveys,
 In the smooth stream that through her meadows
 strays.

* The seat of Earl Harcourt.

† The seat of Sir William Stonhouse, Bart.

‡ An encampment, said to be Danish, between Abingdon and Faringdon.

|| The seat of the Rev. Mr. John Loder.

§ The seat of Mrs. Allen.

See

See * BUCKLAND here her lovely scenes display,
 Which rude e'er while in rich disorder lay,
 Till Taste and Genius with corrective hand
 Spread culture's nicest vesture o'er the land,
 Rang'd every object in it's fairest light,
 And call'd each latent beauty to the light;
 Cloth'd the declining slope with pendant wood,
 And o'er the sedge-grown meadow pour'd the flood,
 While manly Execution's active arm
 Wakes to existence each ideal charm.
 In the deep gloom of yon impervious bowers,
 There † CARSWELL hides her hospitable towers:
 And at our feet where the rich pastures spread,
 Lo ‡ WADLEY rears her renovated head,
 As art and active labor, join'd, improve
 Each fair extended lawn and rising grove,

* The seat of Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart.

† The seat of Edward Southby, Esq.

‡ The seat of Charles Pye, Esq.

New scenes unfolding still on every side

Declare the affluence industry supply'd.

Blush! blush, ye sons of power! who proudly

stand

Rich in the ruins of your native land;

Who every virtue, every right have sold,

For royal smiles, or ministerial gold;

Proud on your breasts a glittering badge to bear,

True honor hates, and freedom scorns to wear,

If worth, or shewn in peace, or prov'd in war,

Shed not a livelier lustre than the star?

Blush, ye fell race! who cross'd the briny flood,

Foes to mankind! and prodigal of blood!

With wanton rage to waft pale famine o'er

From ALBION's cliffs to sad BENGALA's shore:

Where starving myriads on the cruel train

Call'd Justice' awful sword, but call'd in vain;

Till

Till BRITAIN'S senate, fir'd with patriot flame,

Resolv'd to vindicate her country's fame,

Bade ENGLAND'S laws to GANGES' banks extend,

And equal rule the INDIAN'S life defend.

Though GRECIA'S orders grace your marble dome,

Though blooms the fairest landscape where ye roam,

Yet sacred Justice shall your seats pervade,

And Conscience haunt you through the deepest

shade:

Whilst him whose wealth the arts of Commerce

raise,

Mankind shall honor, and the Muse shall praise.

But if like thine, O CHARLES! his generous heart,

The smiles of fortune to his friends impart;

If heaven, that gave him affluence, gave him too

A soul to every social duty true;

Virtue with joy shall chant his favor'd name,

And give a wreath beyond the power of fame;

While

While all who know his worth exulting find
That fortune, blessing him, has blest mankind.

Lo * SHELLINGFORD, and † STANFORD, 'midst
the train

Of hoary trees that skirt yon level plain,
The lofty tower and pointed spire display
Conspicuous, glittering in the western ray :
And on yon hill it's distant head that rears,
‡ LOCKINGE aloft thy shining dome appears!
Beneath, what woodland nymph with artful hand
The vaulted grotto's sparry roof has plann'd,
Taught the rude arch with pendant ore to
shine,

And rang'd each bright production of the mine ?

* A feat of Lord Spencer's.

† A village between Wantage and Faringdon.

‡ The feat of Charles Wymondesfold, Esq; where there is a most beautiful Grotto, entirely formed by the taste, and in great measure by the hands of Mrs. Wymondesfold.

No sylvan Goddes this retreat can claim,
 Form'd by the fancy of a mortal dame;
 Who from yon humble vale's irriguous bed
 To the high cliff the crystal fountain led;
 Thence bade in murmurs soft the lucid wave
 Pour it's fair current through the craggy cave;
 Where every NAIAD 'midst the rocks reclin'd,
 Approves what Taste and WYMONDESOLD design'd.

Ye envious trees! why does your leafy pride,
 Stretch'd o'er the bending valley, WANTAGE
 hide?—

Sure every MUSE and every GRACE will join
 With votive hands the fairest wreath to twine;
 Cull with assiduous toil the choicest flowers,
 And hang the brightest garland on her towers:
 While grateful Liberty shall love the shade,
 Her guardian chief where fostering Virtue laid;

And

And BRITAIN'S Genius blefs the hallow'd earth
Which gave her patriot king, her ALFRED, birth.

That equal laws these happy regions share
Springs, Prince benign! from thy paternal care.
Through the dark mists which Error o'er mankind
Tenfold had spread, and wrap'd the human mind;
At thy command fair Science shot her light,
And chas'd the horrid gloom of GOTHIC night;
To ISIS' brink the wandering MUSES led,
And taught each drooping art to lift her head:
Hence with the warrior laurel's blood-stain'd bough
That binds with sacred wreath thy conquering
brow,

Wisdom's illustrious Goddess interweaves
With mystic hand her olive's peaceful leaves,
Thine is the gift that here no alien crew,
To venal interest more than justice true,

Judge with unpitying eye misfortune's cause,
With cruel power enforcing cruel laws;
But watchful THEMIS o'er each freeman rears
That sacred shield, THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS,
By which protected BRITAIN'S dauntless train
See factions rage, and tyrants frown, in vain.
O dear-bought Freedom! if thy holy flame
Burns in our souls, nor rests an empty name;
If for thy sake the kindling warmth we feel
Unwarp'd by selfish views or party zeal;
May we with wakeful, nay with jealous, eye
Regard this hallow'd source of Liberty;
This once attack'd, on which her rights depend,
May every breast the guardian power defend;
Each patriot tongue assert our injur'd laws,
And pour resistless sounds in Freedom's cause;
Each patriot arm, should eloquence be vain,
Lift the dread falchion on the embattled plain;

May

May we with more than ancient zeal pursue
Rights, ROME and boasted ATHENS never knew;
Guard this PALLADIUM with our latest breath,
Or perish with it in a glorious death!

Where from the fertile plains yon hills arise,
Quit the low vales and shoot into the skies,
Carv'd rudely on the pendant sod, is seen
The * snow-white courser stretching o'er the green :
The antique figure scan with curious eye,
The glorious monument of victory !
There ENGLAND rear'd her long dejected head,
There ALFRED triumph'd, and invasion bled.
Long had proud DENMARK stretch'd the iron hand
Of harsh oppression o'er the groaning land ;

* WHITE HORSE-HILL, so called from the figure of a horse in chalk, on the side of a hill ; from which also the adjacent vale takes its name : it is said to have been cut in commemoration of a victory gained over the Danes, by Alfred.

The

The freeborn swains, to mean subjection broke,
In silent sorrow bore the opprobrious yoke :
Their virtuous prince to wilds and forests driven,
No shed to screen him from the inclement heaven,
Hears all around his subjects cries ascend,
And sees them sink unable to defend ;
Chas'd by his foes disguis'd he treads the plain,
A wretched exile in his own domain !
Much hardship borne, and many dangers past,
On suffering Virtue Fortune smiles at last :
Arous'd to vengeance by his people's woe
He frowns defiance on the insulting foe ;
Leaves every fear and every doubt behind.—
High waves the SAXON banner to the wind !
Fir'd at the sight, the country far and wide
Pours forth her veteran sons on every side ;
His trusty bow each hardy yeoman draws,
Or lifts his shining brand in Freedom's cause :

Freedom resounds from each determin'd voice,
Freedom the first, and death the second, choice;
Courage and Conquest o'er their helmets play;
The invader trembled at the dread array;
Onward resiftless march'd the impetuous host;
And fell Oppression fled the hostile coast:
The exulting fleet in conquering standards flies,
While DENMARK'S raven screaming quits the
 skies;
And hence the Victor's jocund hands portray'd
The SAXON ensign on yon verdant glade.

His country freed, discerning ALFRED saw
How vain the civil bond of social law;
Of crowds untrain'd how weak the hasty aid,
When force prevails, and barbarous hosts invade,
That policy which guards each modern throne
Was then to Europe's bounded kings unknown;

No

No artful statesman then with treacherous breast
 Arm'd half a people to enslave the rest.
 With wiser care a rampart firm he plann'd,
 To guard from future foes the happy land,
 Bade Liberty her rash assailants brave,
 And Freemen vindicate what Freedom gave.
 He taught each sturdy laborer of the field
 The sickle and the sword by turns to wield:
 With chearful industry the generous swains
 Till for their wealthy lords the peaceful plains;
 Or, rous'd from rural toil by war's alarms,
 Beneath their well-known banners rush to arms.
 Let other realms where Freedom never smil'd,
 O'eraw'd by rigor, or by fraud beguil'd,
 See mercenary bands surround the throne,
 Or safety seek from alien arms alone:
 But shall not ENGLAND blush for every son
 Too proud to guard the rights his fires have won?

Rights, in whose cause full many a warrior stood,
By toil obtain'd, and seal'd with patriot blood!
Though envy frown, though venal millions blame,
Shall she not ever love her CHATHAM'S name,
Who while on distant climes her rage he pour'd,
Prudent at home this best defence restor'd;
Her manly sons array'd with parent care,
Arous'd once more her manly youth to war,
And bade her breezy hills, and fruitful plains,
Send forth in arms again their native swains.
Lives there a man in this exulting isle,
Who sees our orchards bloom, our harvests smile,
Who every breath in perfect freedom draws,
His rights protected by the noblest laws;
Would wish to break the fence by wisdom plann'd,
And wrest the sword from every freeman's hand,
Wish to behold our bare defenceless coasts
Unarm'd, or guarded but by foreign hosts?

Dare

Dare thy strong powers O Eloquence employ!
This best internal bulwark to destroy?—
Though every guile of specious Fraud he use,
'Mid listening crowds his Poison to infuse;
Try every Wile his curs'd Designs to hide:—
Superior Truth his Cunning shall deride,
Shall tear each paltry mean Disguise away,
Expose his Rancor to the face of day;
His selfish Views to all mankind impart,
And shew the Traitor graven on his heart.

Now turn your eyes and from the mountain's
brow

Direct them to the cultur'd vale below;
How rich the spacious plains that stretch between!
How ripe the harvests, and the meads how green!
The herds in myriads o'er the pastures throng;
And mingled lowings break each rural song.

Where e'er with patient care the laborer's hand
Guides the sharp plow-share through the fertile land,
The farmers see the produce crown their toil,
Eye the rich scene, and bless the happy soil.

Soon shall the yellow wealth whose swelling grains
The stalk low bending hardly now sustains,
Stor'd in the barn with jocund labor, yield
To every rural sport the uncumber'd field.
The pointer then shall o'er the stubbled vale
Range unconfin'd, and catch the tainted gale :
The hound's quick scent, or greyhound's eager
view,

O'er the smooth plain the timid hare pursue ;
Then swelling on the burthen'd breeze afar,
Shall burst the tumult of the woodland war ;
While rush the daring youth with breathless speed
To see the wily fox unpity'd bleed.

Let

Let not the Muse the active toil despise,

Or from the chace avert her angry eyes:

Though gentle * SHENSTONE deem'd the hunter's
throat

Drown'd with it's clamorous strain the lyric note:

Though penfive THOMSON, indolently laid

Beneath the silver willows trembling shade,

Baiting with cruel art the treacherous hook,

To lure the guiltless inmates of the brook,

Blame, as his hands the barbed weapon draw

From the mute wretches agonizing jaw,

Those, who in manly sport with frantic joy

The rapid tenants of the wood destroy:

Yet has the warbling lyre in many a strain

Describ'd the active pleasures of the plain.

The moral bard of WINDSOR's royal groves

Sings of the hunter, and his toil approves;

* O peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre.

Even he, whose verse to mortal eyes has given
 The wrath of angels, and the wars of heaven,
 • Joyful has listen'd to the hounds, and horn,
 Rousing with chearful peal the slumbering morn;
 Nor shall with brow averse the rural MUSE
 To SOMERVILLE the Poet's meed refuse,
 Whose skilful notes each sylvan pastime trace,
 And teach the various mazes of the chase;
 Whence livelier thoughts and lighter spirits rise,
 Strength knits the limbs and courage fires the eyes,
 Glows in the ruddy cheek a purer blood,
 And rolls the tide of life a sprightlier flood.

Propitious now on BRITAIN's favor'd isle
 Though white-rob'd Peace and jocund Plenty
 smile;

- Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Chearfully rouse the slumbering morn.

Though

Though while her wrath on hostile shores is hurl'd,
 Unhurt she sits amidst a warring world;
 Say, have the tranquil scenes which now we see
 Been ever such, and must they ever be?
 Ah! may not Civil Discord stalk again
 With bloody footsteps o'er her ravag'd plain?
 Or fell invasion waste her fenceless coast,
 Her guardian Fleet by adverse tempests toss'd?
 Then, if our country's bleeding breast demands
 The aid of dauntless breasts, and ready hands,
 To the stout race who haunt the bill and dale
 Will nothing then the hunter's toil avail?—
 While round her feeble votary's drooping brow
 What verdant wreaths shall letter'd sloth bestow?
 In vain may Patriot Zeal the bosom warm,
 If pale disease unnerve the willing arm:
 While the bold youth whose hardy frame defies
 The force of fighting winds and angry skies;

Who

Who braving winter's rage pursues the chase,
The fleet tempest rattling in his face ;
Or when the dog-star shoots his sultry rays,
Rages unconquer'd by the scorching blaze ;
Shall, if he lead BRITANNIA'S rustic train,
To the dread conflict of some bloody plain,
Shrink not, though summer suns their beams unfold,
Or biting frosts intensely pierce with cold,
But Freedom's call with steadfast march pursue
Through noontide's sultry heat, or midnight's chilling dew.

Too much the enervate bards of modern days
Attune to slothful ease their moral lays ;
The seats of ancient lore their favorite theme,
LYCEUM'S shade, and hoary ACADEME ;
Forgetful that the stadium's hardy toil,
The boxer's castus, and the wrestler's oil,

Sent

Sent GÆCIA's heroes forth a vigorous train,
 Learn'd in the schools and victors on the plain.
 The * ATHENIAN sage, his Country's pride and
 flame,
 Is known to martial, as to letter'd, fame;
 Now did he sooth with truth's divine behest,
 Young ALCIBIADES, thy fervent breast,
 Now through the paths of war thy steps he led,
 And † rear'd his guardian buckler o'er thy head,
 And ‡ he, whose mind with active virtue fraught,
 Practis'd each lesson that his master taught,
 Not satisfied of love divine to dream,
 By the still margin of ILISSUS' stream,
 Or in warm Fancy's vivid tints to draw
 Ideal forms of Polity and Law;

* Socrates.

† Plutarch mentions the circumstance of Alcibiades being
 wounded at Potidæa, and rescued by Socrates.

‡ Xenophon.

The

The illustrious Chief who led his glorious band
O'er barren rocks, and deserts black with sand,
Still undismay'd amid surrounding woes,
Still scattering terror on unnumber'd foes.
Learn'd 'midst the echoing forests to sustain
The toils of war and all her horrid train;
Then taught, descending to the embattled field,
BARBARIAN rage and PERSIAN wiles to yield.

Let Luxury's vain sons with careless pride
The votaries firm of manly toil deride,
Wrap'd in inglorious sloth, let them despise
The noble thirst of glorious enterprise.
But shall the MUSE, whose hand should point the

road

Which leads o'er rugged steeps to fame's abode;
Whose voice should loudly chant each Hero's name,
To wake in other minds a kindred flame?—

Shall

Shall she inglorious now in firen' lays
 Lavish on harmless Indolence her praise;
 Damp the strong flame that warms the noble breast,
 And hush each generous passion into rest?
 Shall she to those alone confine the song,
 Who creep obscure life's tranquil vale along,
 And blame the dauntless few who dare explore
 The dangerous rocks of bold Ambition's shore;
 Who tempt with venturous prow life's stormy seas,
 And toil themselves to buy for others ease;
 Unaw'd by tyrant power, or facious hate,
 Who tread with blameless feet the paths of state;
 Or pluck bight honor's sacred meed afar,
 Undaunted, from the frowning front of war?
 Well may with pious hand the indignant Muse
 To many a Victor's brow the wreath refuse,
 Well may she tear the laurel vainly spread
 O'er many a King's and many a Warrior's head;

And

And curse a CÆSAR's or a CROMWELL's name,
Though erring myriads call their ravage fame,
But shall not they who conquer, or who die,
In the great strife of injur'd Liberty,
A tribute from the peaceful bard expect,
Sung by those MUSES whom their swords protect?
Say cannot GREECE and ROME their warriors bring,
To whom even Virtue's hand might strike the string?
Say cannot ALBION, 'mongst whose sons we find
All that exalts and dignifies mankind;
Say cannot she afford such themes of praise
As well might grace the poet's chastest lays?
She can!—she can!—Her ALFRED planning laws,
Her Godlike HAMDEN bleeding in their cause;
Guiding with uncorrupted hands the state
Her WALSINGHAM in scorn of fortune great;
Her gallant WOLFE triumphant even in death,
While weeping Victory caught his parting breath;
Her

Her HAWKE, whose ardor rocks nor shoals could
bar,

Nor the dread rage of elemental war,
While his bold fleet the GAUL's design explores,
Destroys his navy, and insults his shores;
Are themes whose force the coldest bard may
fire,

To call forth rapture from his sounding lyre,
While Truth shall listen to the warbling strings,
And Reason vindicate what Fancy sings.

Enough, rash MUSE! tempt not the arduous
height

Which asks the Epic or Pindaric flight:
To the fair vale again reduce the lay,
Ere envious twilight snatch the scene away;
For evening's shades with deepening tint prevail,
And darkness soon shall wrap the misty dale.

Here * COLESHILL's towers demand their share of
fame,

Proud of their site, and their great Artist's name;

There, shelter'd from the storm by bowering trees,

The milder charms of verdant † BECKET please.

What though her level lawn nor sinks, nor swells,

Forms rising hills, or hollow-winding dells;

Yet every friend to genuine taste, who roves

Or by her shining lakes or through her groves,

Shall see a Grace in every solemn shade,

And own that Beauty crowns each watery glade:

Let Taste capricious strive to charm the heart

With all the nice perplexities of art,

With toil immense a sickly scene produce

Trifling in ornament as void of use,

Bid BRITAIN'S hills ARABIA'S sweets perfume,

Bid in our vales SABÆAN roses bloom,

* The seat of the Earl of Radnor, built by Inigo Jones:

† The seat of Lord Barrington.

Bid summer's fruits 'mid winter's frosts appear,
Force stubborn Nature and invert the year.

To blend utility with each design

The nobler praise, O BARRINGTON! be thine;

The smooth canal whose ample sheet supplies

Food for the board, and pleasure to the eyes,

O'er the morass in shining volumes laid

Drains the moist surface of the rushy glade,

And where the marsh and frequent slough
impede

The shatter'd carriage, and the floundering
steed,

There the firm causeys form'd by useful care

O'er the deep vale the thankful traveller bear.

Contrast the prospect now, and mark more
near

Fair FARINGTON her humble turret rear,

* Where once the tapering spire conspicuous grew,
Till civil strife the sacred pile o'erthrew :
For as on hapless STUART'S ruin bent,
Against yon walls their lord his thunder sent,
And led with ruthless rage the hostile train,
While his own weeping LARIES plead in vain ;
The balls invade, with erring fury driven,
The hallow'd structure consecrate to heaven.
Such is alas the baleful fruit that springs
From factious subjects and oppressive kings !

Beneath yon roof by the cold pavement press'd,
My peaceful fires in solemn silence rest.—

* Faringdon-house had a royal garrison in the civil wars, and was one of the last places that held out for the king ; repulsing with great loss a large party of the Parliament forces, just before the surrender of Oxford. Sir Robert Pye, owner of the house, who married Anne the eldest daughter of Hambden, and was a Colonel in the Parliament army, commanded this attack, in which the spire of Faringdon Church was beaten down by the artillery.

Imagination flags her pinions here,
 And o'er the marble drops the filial tear;
 Here too the Muse prepares the votive verse,
 The mournful tribute to a Parent's herse;—
 O sacred Name! by every tie endear'd!
 Lov'd by your friends, by all who knew rever'd.
 How well you bore, to Freedom ever just,
 This fertile County's delegated Trust,
 The BRITISH Senate saw, when firm you stood,
 Firm to fair Virtue, and your Country's good;
 Friend to the worth from Patriot Zeal that springs,
 No dupe to Faction, and no Slave to Kings.
 How far your private merits could extend,
 How kind a Father, and how warm a Friend,
 My faltering voice would strive to sing in vain,
 For gushing tears would choke the imperfect strain;
 The force of words unequal to impart
 The strong sensations of my heaving heart.

Here ever slumbering with the silent dead,
Thy daughter, glorious HAMBDEN! rests her head.
Ah cruel mother! say, why does not here
Thy youthful * HAMBDEN press his early bier?
Why does no storied urn his worth proclaim,
Who shar'd his grandfire's virtues with his name?—
Untimely on a distant shore he died,
The wretched victim of a parent's pride.

Ye mourning Loves and Graces, aid the verse,
While I in plaintive notes his woes rehearse;
To these his native fields his wrongs relate,
The hapless story of a Lover's fate.
His youthful form could boast each manly grace,
Health strung his nerves, and beauty deck'd his
face;

* Mr. Hambden Pye, eldest son of Sir Robert Pye, who
marrying contrary to the wishes of his parents, went abroad,
and was killed in an expedition against the coast of Spain,
or Spanish America.

Ingenuous

Ingenuous shame, and truth that scorns disguise,
 Glow in his cheek, and sparkle in his eyes:
 But ah! when manhood now with genial ray
 Began to call his virtues into day,
 Love! all controlling Love! whose fatal power
 Spares the rank weed to crop the blushing
 flower,

Nip'd all his ripening graces in their bloom,
 And early mark'd his merits for the tomb.

An aged swain, whose lowly cottage stood
 Where 'midst the valley spreads yon rising wood,
 A lovely daughter had, whose matchless form
 The frozen heart of sapless age might warm:
 With falling snow her polish'd skin could vie,
 Her lips the coral sham'd, the jet her eye:
 There love and modesty united speak,
 And opening roses paint her glowing cheek;

The soft redundance of her hair behind
Flow'd loose, and careless wanton'd in the wind;
Such powerful charms the youthful HAMBDEN
fire,

He saw perfection, and he felt desire:

The growing passion every thought employs,
Disturbs his peace, and poisons all his joys.
MARIA'S image ever in his breast

His daily ease destroys and nightly rest;

From his wan cheek the lively crimson flies,

And smiling health forsakes his sinking eyes:

No more his well-breath'd hounds, at early
dawn

Ranging, dash eager o'er the dewy lawn;

Now sad he wanders through the sylvan glades,

And sighs responsive to the lonesome shades,

Each Echo answers to his mournful tale,

And pensive numbers float on every gale.

But,

But, as increasing Love resistless grew,
 From his torn bosom vanquish'd Prudence flew;
 To fair MARIA's feet he sighing came,
 Confess'd her empire and avow'd his flame;
 Soon his soft words the beauteous virgin move,
 And secret HYMEN crown'd his eager love,
 Now peace and happiness appear to spread
 Their flattering pinions o'er his favor'd head;
 Love every joy and every charm supplies,
 And marks each golden moment as it flies.
 Ah hapless pair! the short-liv'd bliss enjoy,
 Soon shall impending clouds your calm destroy;
 Even now, with more than mortal vengeance
 red,
 The tempest bursts on each devoted head.

Ten quick-revolving moons had roll'd away,
 And smiling transport crown'd each happy day;

When various symptoms to the world disclose

MARIA soon must feel a mother's throes :

The busy neighbours round the tale proclaim,

And scowling Envy triumphs in her shame.

At length the generous youth, distress'd to hear

Each clownish tongue her reputation tear,

Throws with indignant scorn the veil aside,

And owns the fair MARIA for his bride.

Soon as his cruel mother heard the tale,

Swift grows her cheek with trembling anger pale ;

• In vain his youth, in vain her beauties plead,

Instant revenge pursues the imprudent deed ;

No worth could please to peasants when allied,

No charms disarm the force of female pride.—

Say did thy Father such distinctions find,

Amidst the equal race of human kind,

When his keen sword he drew in Freedom's cause,

• And bled to vindicate her trampled laws ?

While

While rage and hate the ruthless matron fire,
She bears the fatal tidings to his fire,
Tries every art a father's wrath to move,
Awake his vengeance, and subdue his love.
With savage cruelty they now divide
The hapless HAMBDEN from his weeping bride:
She rends her hair, and beats her breast in vain,
Torn from her arms he seeks the distant main.
It chanc'd that BRITAIN'S hardy sons prepare
To pour on haughty SPAIN their naval war.—
Brief let me be, the winds propitious blew,
Proud o'er the waves the gallant navy flew;
BRITAIN aloft her bloody ensign spread,
IBERIA saw, she trembled, and she fled;
While her resiftless foes exulting bore
The spoils of INDIA to their native shore.—
Ah gallant youth! nor native shore, nor friend,
Shall e'er to thee their welcome fight extend;

Far on a hostile coast thy body lies,
Wash'd by rude waves, or scorch'd by sultry
skies.

When sad MARIA heard the tale of woe,
From her full eyes no gushing torrents flow;
No current gives her burthen'd breast relief,
But pale she fullen sits in silent grief;
Till her heart bursting with redoubled sighs,
She calls her much lov'd HAMBLEN's name, and
dies.

The haughty parents, then alas too late!
Mourn their unhappy son's disastrous fate;
Grieve for the woes their fatal rage supply'd,
Tear their gray locks, and curse their foolish
pride;

Pour tears of anguish o'er MARIA's grave,
And weep the victims they refus'd to save.

Turn

Turn from these solemn scenes the averted head,
The awful mansions of the silent dead!
To where the green-rob'd DRYADS joyful rove
'Midst the thick foliage of yon echoing grove.—
Ah blissful seats! beneath whose pleasing shade
My Childhood and my Youth delighted stray'd;
Here first my eyes beheld the gems that shine
Bright and resplendent from the classic mine;
While as I gaz'd my youthful bosom glow'd,
And from my tongue untutor'd numbers flow'd.
Here far from every selfish passion's reach,
Which the world's dangerous school will often teach,
I pour'd to real Love one artless tear,
And breath'd at Friendship's shrine the vow sincere.
The MUSES here their grateful offerings pay;
And dedicate to you their closing lay;
Nor ask a brighter wreath to grace their song,
Than verdant grows these waving woods among.

Blest,

Blest, happy Regions! seats of joy and ease!
Which still have pleas'd me, and must ever please;
Should e'er a Tyrant's Sway, or Faction's Roar,
Drive Liberty from this her native shore;
Though following her, I'd rather friendless go
Through AFRIC's burning wastes, or ZEMBLA's
snow,
Than haunt these much-lov'd shades and favorite
springs,
Robb'd of the joys that independence brings:
Yet should I wander to a fairer plain
Than thought can paint, or youthful fancy feign;
Still should I load with sighs the reckless wind,
Still weep those darling scenes I left behind,
If this be weakness! from my beating heart
O never!—never! may that weakness part!—
Let the proud Stoic with disdainful eyes
The thought of local prejudice despise,

And

And boast in every foil and every air
Where Virtue flourisheth, his country there;
But ask the generous train whose bosoms beat
With gentle feelings, as with patriot heat;
Would not to see each long-frequented shade
Low on the earth by hostile vengeance laid,
On ALBION'S desolated fields to gaze,
See her towers fall, her splendid cities blaze;
Though every friend had left the ruin'd coast,
And weeping Freedom mourn'd her empire lost,
Still with new rage their kindling breasts inspire,
And bid their bosoms glow with fiercer fire.
But far from us such sad events shall be,
If aught the MUSE prophetic can foresee;
Still PEACE and heavenly LIBERTY shall smile,
With wonted sweetness on their long-lov'd isle;
Pale TYRANNY avoid the hostile shore,
And FACTION lift her scorpion scourge no more;
Each

Each freeborn swain still reap with thankful hand,

- Secure from wrongs, the produce of his land :

And lovely FARINGDON ! my voice shall still

Or in thy groves, or on this healthful hill,

In rustic numbers sing the happy plains,

Where FREEDOM triumphs, and where BRUNSWICK
reigns.

THE
P R O G R E S S
OF
R E F I N E M E N T.

A
P O E M.

IN THREE PARTS.

C O N T E N T S

O F

P A R T I.

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THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
R E F I N E M E N T.

P A R T I.

AS when the stream by casual fountains fed
First gushes from the cavern's mossy bed,
Dashing from rock to rock, the scanty rill
With no luxuriant herbage clothes the hill;
Yet when increas'd the ampler current flows,
Each bordering mead with deeper verdure glows,
It's lingering waves through painted vallies glide,
And Health and Plenty deck it's verdant side;

Till swell'd by wintry storms and sweeping
rains,

If chance it's rising deluge drown the plains,

The stagnate waters choke the fedy foil,

And the fond hopes of future harvests foil :

So first REFINEMENT in it's infant hour

Sheds o'er the savage tribe an useless power,

Nor can it's feeble energy impart

Or grace or softness to the human heart ;

But when in Reason's moderate bounds confin'd

It's plenteous streams invigorate the mind,

The rising Arts their genial influence share,

And all the social Virtues flourish there ;

Till Luxury's polluting torrents roll

A flood destructive o'er the enervate soul,

And to the flowers of generous growth succeeds

The baneful progeny of Vice's weeds.

Man,

Man, ere by rules of civil compact taught,
(Uncouth his form, and unimprov'd his thought,)
O'er the rude waste a selfish savage goes,
Nor mutual cares, nor mutual kindness knows,
How to subsist his Being's sole employ,
Strength all his art, and rapine all his joy;
And where a sterile soil, and frowning heaven,
Are to his race by ruthless Nature given,
Compell'd by chance his scanty food to gain,
Pierc'd by sharp winds, or drench'd by chilling rain,
While from the assailing climate, rigid grown,
The alter'd fibres lose each nicer tone,
Long is the torpid soul by want oppress'd,
And dawning Reason slowly lights the breast.
But when his milder, happier portion, lies
In kindly regions, and more genial skies,
Where balmy sweets the ambient gales dispense,
And native Luxury enchants the sense,

Where Earth disdaining cultivation's care
Bids her free sons the luscious banquet share,
And the thick groves a roof sufficient spread
To shield from dews and heat the slumbering
head;

Prefs'd by no want, in leisure's vacant hours
The expanding Mind perceives her latent powers,
And from the filken air the nerves derive,
To each sensation tremblingly alive,
Pleasures uncheck'd by labor's stern control,
And bear each finer feeling to the soul.

Then as reclining on the fertile soil,
Unknown the want of culture's stubborn toil,
His grazing charge the gentle herdsman tends,
And o'er the vale his eye delighted bends,
Ten thousand lovely images suggest
The dreams of Fancy to his tranquil breast,

The

The female form his soften'd heart inspires
With milder thoughts and more refin'd desires,
Sweet notes of rural courtship fill the grove,
And flow the tender strains of pastoral love :
Or as his eyes the nightly ether view,
And trace the heavenly concave's cloudless
blue,

He learns to know what different signs appear
To guide and regulate the varied year ;
Observes the changeful Moon alternate show
Her orb full-beaming, and her waning bow,
And marks the inferior Planets as they roll
In stated periods round the shining pole.

Hence every charm that polish'd Nature knows,
All that eludes or weakens human woes
First dawn'd in regions where the solar beam
Pours with superior force the effulgent stream,

And to our view the infant Arts arise
Beneath the warmth of ASIA's fostering skies,
Or on ARABIA's happier coasts inhale,
Loaded with sweets, the aromatic gale,
Or with attentive ear the fables learn
Of mystic lore, by NILE's redundant urn;
Till gently wafted by the favoring breeze
O'er the smooth surface of IONIAN seas,
The smiling train their lovely offspring bore
To rise and flourish on the GRECIAN shore.

Inventive Fancy emulous to raise
For Worth decess'd the monument of praise,
To bid Fame live beyond this transient breath,
And snatch heroic deeds from icy death,
With filial love the frail memorial rear'd,
And the heap'd fragment mark'd the tomb
rever'd:

But

PART I. OF REFINEMENT.

27

But vain the pious care!—Oblivion's sway

Soon swept each undistinguish'd name away,

The story of renown no breast retains,

- And unexplain'd the mouldering pile remains.

Then ripening Genius sought the Muses aid,

And rustic Verse it's opening powers display'd ;

Though no soft grace of polish'd diction shine,

Though harsh the cadence, and though rude the line,

Yet strengthen'd Memory felt the useful art

That fix'd the favorite legend in the heart ;

The hoary Sage the sure advantage saw,

And in rough strains promulg'd his simple law,

In the short verse the moral rule compress'd,

And early form'd to truth the docile breast,

The infant warblings of the Muses lyre

Subdue the will perverse, and passion dire ;

Their gloomy wilds the savage race forsook

As ORPHEUS sung, and milder manners took,

And charm'd to order by AMPHION'S lay

The forms of civil life mankind obey.

As bursts the beam of day through clouded skies
At length with light ethereal Letters rise,
To chain the fleeting sound their magic taught,
Portray'd the Idea, and embodied thought;
Blest, happiest, privilege to mortals given!
Which wings the aspiring soul from Earth to
Heaven.

Whether progressive skill the art acquir'd,
Or power divine the sacred gift inspir'd;
Whether a mere invention of the Mind
As opening Science civiliz'd mankind,
Or a peculiar mark of heavenly grace
At first bestow'd on ISRAEL'S favor'd race
Though Reason doubt ;—from morn to setting day
The various tribes of human-kind survey,
And

And own that all who following Wisdom's plan
Fulfil those duties that distinguish Man ;
All who extend their penetrating sight
Beyond the reach of animal delight,
This blessing from one common fountain share,
Though ting'd with ignorance, or refin'd by care :
Even GREECE where letter'd Science prosper'd best
It's oriental origin confess'd,
Fix'd by the fabled Author ASIA's claim,
And mark'd it's source by * CADMUS' mystic name.

As the ripe seed when sown with skilful toil
Soon feels the influence of a friendly soil,
With rapid shoots the planter's care repays,
And high in air it's waving boughs displays ;
So GREECE beheld the ingenuous Arts expand
In her congenial air, and kindly land,

* CADMUS is derived from a word in the oriental languages, signifying the East.

While Freedom by the insulting despot driven
From Southern climes, and Asia's warmer
heaven,

Fix'd with delight her EUROPEAN throne
O'er favor'd realms, and regions all her own.
Cheer'd by her sway each slumbering Muse
awakes,

And from her smiles superior vigor takes :

Now Poesy with animating fire

Throws her bold fingers o'er the Epic wire,

And Lyric Extasy exulting sings

Borne on the THEBAN eagle's towering wings,

While the chaste Drama rising by degrees,

By care successive polish'd, learns to please,

From the rude outlines of the mimic art

First shewn by THESPIS in his wandering cart,

To the fam'd Bards whose labor'd scenes engage

The dumb attention of the Attic stage.

Soon

Soon every Science, every Art succeeds,
 Happy to follow where a Sister leads.
 Charm'd from her seats on EGYPT's watery plain,
 And freed from fabling Error's mytic chain,
 Through the still gloom of ACADEMUS' shade
 Philosophy with solemn footstep stray'd;
 Bold Imitation still to Nature true
 The perfect form from perfect models drew,
 For ne'er were equall'd GRECIA's lovely race
 Or for the faultless shape, or beauteous face.
 Music devoid of each capricious art
 Touch'd with her sweetest melody the heart:
 And Architecture plann'd, in awful state
 The Dome with just proportion simply great,
 Or nobly plain the DORIC pile appear'd,
 Or her light column soft IONIA rear'd,
 Or CORINTH bade her polish'd Temples rise
 With ornamental grandeur to the skies.

With

With force united this illustrious train
Grac'd the loud forum, and the holy fane,
But chiefly were their magic charms combin'd
When the lov'd Drama fix'd the ATHENIAN mind :
Whether the drops of generous pity spring
At the sad fate of THEBES' unhappy King,
Or glows the exulting heart with patriot flame
To hear the tale of GRECIA'S ancient fame,
On this delightful source of virtuous joy
The lavish Arts their choicest skill employ,
And all their various powers at once convene
To dress in gorgeous pomp the attractive scene.

Encourag'd thus by Freedom's favoring smiles,
While every Muse the listening ear beguiles,
While Wisdom grave, and polish'd Grace combine,

At once to form the Virtues, and refine,

Improvement

Improvement spreads to life's more humble cares,
 And Industry the happy influence shares :
 Down the steep cliff, and o'er the craggy brow
 Strong Agriculture drives his laboring plow,
 And to the currents of the rising gale
 Adventurous Commerce trusts her swelling sail ;
 To the bleak rock the cultur'd glebe succeeds,
 Where waves the harvest and the vintage bleeds,
 And the fraught vessel with her woven wings
 The wealth of nations to PIRÆUS brings.

Rous'd by those honors cull'd by Glory's hand
 To dress the Victor on the Olympic sand,
 With active toil each ardent stripling tries
 To bind his forehead with the immortal prize ;
 Hence strength and beauty deck the GRECIAN
 race,

And manly labor gives them manly grace.—

Yet

Yet while the scenes of Nature and of Art
The perfect forms of elegance impart,
While Wisdom's sacred lore the bosom warms,
And brighter Virtue boasts her moral charms,
The bliss in social intercourse that lies
Unknown they lose, or knowing they despise,
Illiberal folly 'midst their mirth we find,
And savage grossness taints the noblest mind,
The genial board licentious sports beguile,
And sages woo the harlot's venal smile.
For the soft Sex whose mild enchanting power
With gentle pleasure cheers the festal hour,
Denied the banquet's temperate joys to share,
Are the mere drudges made of household care;
Hence faint the force of that refin'd desire
Which modest Beauty only can inspire.
To other paths diverted passion turns,
And with enthusiast ardor Friendship burns,—

Far

Far be it from the virgin MUSE to try
 O'er that mysterious scene to throw her eye.
 Enough for her, while every manly breast
 She sees in Virtue's purest radiance dress'd,
 Sees every heart, with patriot Glory warm,
 Check the proud war, or perish in the storm,
 To cry like PHILIP on that fatal plain
 Where Victory wept the sacred THEBANS slain,
 Curs'd be the slanderous tongue that worth like
 this would stain.

Though some prevailing characters we trace
 Through every nation of the GRECIAN race,
 Though Superstition, Manners, Speech, the
 same,
 One common origin to all proclaim;
 Though when the different states assembled stood
 By PISA's shades, or fair CASTALIA's flood,
 Where

Where each time-hallow'd rite conspir'd to draw
On the full festival religious awe,
By the mix'd forms of mutual converse taught
The separate tribes congenial features caught;
Yet GREECE no general bond of empire found
Which all her sons in one firm compact bound,
But each republic as it's fabric rose
Peculiar laws, peculiar customs chose.
SPARTA, where royal power's divided sway
Alternate knew to govern and obey,
Where Kings and People equal rule restrain'd,
And rigid Law the only tyrant reign'd,
Saw grave Politeness spread her sober grace,
And Modesty suffuse the warrior's face:
No subtle reasoning mov'd her steady throng,
But every sentence clear, concise, and strong,
In artless guise the speaker's mind convey'd,
And simple language simple truths display'd:

No

No Luxury debauch'd her frugal train,
For public glory there, was private gain.
While ATHENS, where alike with frantic zeal
All aim'd by turns to guide the general weal,
For wide her blessings ample Freedom threw,
And every voice an equal suffrage knew;
ATHENS beheld her sons forego their claim,
The substance quitting for the shadowy name,
And noisy Faction at Ambition's call
Usurp'd that empire which belong'd to all,
While specious Demagogues seduced the sense
With all the flowery tropes of eloquence,
And the free audience polish'd, and severe,
Mark'd each oration with a critic ear.
In vain might Prudence raise her warning voice.
If soft persuasion won the public choice,
In vain its aims might patriot care pursue
If one mistaken accent censure drew.

Awaken'd thus to every thrill of joy
While arts of elegance their thoughts employ,
Borne by the tide of eloquence along,
Mov'd by a tale, a fable, or a song,
Of their own delegated powers afraid,
Despising laws by their own suffrage made,
The fickle race impatient of control
Rush headlong onward to Corruption's goal:
What patriot sage to turn the current tries
Is doom'd to exile, or by poison dies,
And him they raise who impudent and loud
Inflames the passions of the giddy croud:
And though Invasion with remorseless hand
Spread flame and carnage o'er the groaning land,
The Theatre employs their sole debate,
And more they prize the Drama than the state:
If the fond scene present some favorite theme,
Lull'd by sweet Fancy's vain delusive dream,

Of

Of PERSIA check'd and GREECE preserv'd they
boast

Though conquering PHILIP ravages their coast,
And MARATHON'S victorious deeds display
On the dread eye of CHERONEA'S day,

Of human glory thus how short the date!
Expence and Pride, on Wealth and Freedom
wait,

And from her burthen'd lap Profusion throws
The seeds of growing Vice, and future woes.—
The fervent zeal of public spirit dead,
And patriot Virtue's manly influence fled,
The daring hands of freemen who defied
In fields of blood the MEDIAN Tyrant's pride,
Purchas'd, betray'd, divided, and o'erthrown,
Bend to a state their fires had hardly known.

Yet Science lov'd to breathe her favorite air,
Though Liberty was fled still linger'd there.
Even of those Chiefs who shar'd the unjust com-
mand

Which PHILIP and his greater son had plann'd,
Some brave descendants felt the Muses charms,
And sooth'd with liberal Arts usurping Arms;
Warm Patronage awhile with partial ray
Supply'd the loss of Freedom's genuine day,
And Genius consecrates to deathless fame
With grateful voice her PHILADELPHUS' name.

Though mad Ambition soon with impious blow
Laid every fence of civil Virtue low,
And sunk in sloth, or petrified by fear,
No daring arm oppos'd her wild career,
Yet ne'er did abject Luxury's domain
O'er GRECIA stretch her universal reign,

Or

Or Asiatic Indolence dispense

That blasting torpor to each blunted sense,

Chill'd *by whose touch the generous Purpose
flies,

Droops Emulation, faded Glory dies,

While the corrupted heart each vice imbibes

That sinks mankind below the bestial tribes.

Religion, Language, Manners, though we find

Give one strong tincture to the GRECIAN mind,

Yet different Interest each republic draws,

Divided Claims, and independent Laws,

The neighbouring states eternal war alarms,

And ease invaded yields to manlier arms;

Whence strict the rules of discipline remain,

And firm their courage on the embattled plain.

Though by compulsion strong, and stronger art,

PHILIP could temporary peace impart,

With potent gold a shameful union bought
Which public Wisdom oft had vainly sought,
Short was the race by his Ambition run,
And short the glory of his conquering son;
Then as the spoils of empire to divide
Contending chiefs with impious ardor tried,
And Freedom bade some bolder states unite
To guard with ancient zeal her sacred right,
The doubtful conflict for a time call'd forth
The dormant relics of heroic worth,
Till every weak distinction swept away
By the full tide of ROME's superior sway,
Whate'er the stores of GRECIAN art supplied,
Serv'd but to swell the happier Victor's pride;
And haughty Luxury ashamed to own
O'er tributary realms a partial throne,
Attends the rising power by Fate design'd
To fix her boundless empire o'er mankind.

Lo! in the regions whence FAVONIUS blows
A hardy race HESPERIA'S vales disclose:
With sinews firm the rugged offspring rise
And brave the force of less auspicious skies,
For freezing winds had erst CAMPANIA known,
And yellow TIBER worn an icy zone.
The sons of ROME ne'er felt the soft control
Of milky kindness stealing o'er the soul,
Nor did their nerves to pleasure's touch awake
Of gentler thoughts the mild impression take;
The rigid texture of their rougher frame
The dangerous glories of the field inflame;
To wage with sure success the bloody fight
Their favorite care, and war their sole delight.
Victors, or vanquish'd, by the example taught
They found new paths to conquest as they fought.
Triumphant CARTHAGE vaunts her powers in vain
And claims the exclusive empire of the main,

ROME to the sea her ductile Genius turns,
And from her foe the means of Victory learns;
Repairs with wiser toil the ruin'd fleet,
And gains superior art from each defeat,
Her naval care with perseverance plies,
Till, by the course of long experience wise,
The watery war her perfect gallies dare,
And LIBYA's ancient splendor melts to air.
In vain to check these unremitting foes
Their studied Tactics GRECIA's sons oppose,
Whose force compelling countless hosts to yield,
With PERSIA's bleeding Myriads strew'd the field:
The Legions active, disciplin'd, and fierce,
With varied shock the close-wedg'd Phalanx
 pierce,
And Freedom's noblest sons are doom'd by fate
The servile subjects of a foreign state.

Their

Their country vanquish'd, still the arts remain,
 Still learned ATHENS boasts her polish'd train;
 The flowery garlands there they weave to bind
 In pleasures roseate wreaths the ROMAN mind,
 The joys of peace the haughty Victors learn,
 And GREECE exulting triumphs in her turn.
 Though first they view with undiscerning eyes
 Sculpture's fair grace, and Painting's glowing dyes,
 Though Consuls by the piece the marble rate,
 And the wrought brass is valu'd by the weight;
 Yet soon their hearts the Muses sway confess'd
 And powerful numbers sooth'd the warlike breast,
 Each swelling bosom caught the generous fire,
 And ROMAN fingers struck the GRECIAN lyre:
 Not with that fierce delight, that sudden glow
 Which from the genuine beams of Nature flow,
 That burst of Harmony which pour'd along
 The full luxuriance of the Epic Song!—

Matur'd

Matur'd by time their ripening Geni'us rose,
From the harsh lines of 'ENNIVS' measur'd prose
To strains on which the Muse enamour'd hung,
And drank each dulcet note from MARO'S
tongue.

But ne'er shall Imitation's loveliest charm
Like native Grace the raptur'd bosom warm,
This bright and awful as the beam of day,
That like the paler moon's reflected ray.
By no fallacious hues does Nature please,
But boldly gives the manners that she sees,
Not Truth in Fiction's splendid garb arrays,
But with free stroke the living form portrays,
Her Bards divine the real actions sing
Of the stern Hero, or the warrior King,
Or paint the life the amorous Shepherd leads
In the rich verdure of SICILIAN meads,

While

While with the verse their heated Fancy weaves :
Each sacred tale Mythology believes :
But Imitation with correcter hand
Fills but the outline that Invention plann'd,
With care retrenches each superfluous part,
Or adds the tinsel ornaments of art,
Describes the manners that she never knew,
And faintly copies what her Mistress drew ;
Hence with assiduous step the LATIAN Muse
The march sublime of elder GREECE pursues,
Content to glean with unremitting toil
The scatter'd produce of her happier soil.

And now the improving sons of ROME behold
The scenes of ATTIC elegance unfold,
Admire the fane by sculptur'd Nature graced,
And catch from every glance congenial taste :

The

The Capitol by conquering Consuls trod
Receives with friendly rite each marble God,
In bend majestic swells the PARIAN arch
Through which in solemn pomp the Victors march;
ROME with delight the pleasing toil pursues,
And emulates the beauties that she views,
Exults in arts and artists of her own,
Bids the warm canvass breathe, and animates the
stone.

Happy had ROME adorn'd by spoils like these
Been satisfied with GRECIAN Arts to please!
But ASIA's subject regions now disclose
The fatal sources of unnumber'd woes.—
Each delegated chief who us'd of yore
To guide the thundering battle's furious roar,
Bind the green laurel round his conquering brow;
And then return contented to the plow;

Now

Now proudly stretches with rapacious hand
 O'er plunder'd provinces his harsh command;
 Loaded with wealth the stern Proconsuls come,
 And eastern splendor dazzles wondering ROME.
 Caught with the lustre of the shining ore
 The charms of Poverty can please no more,
 The ancient fame of frugal heroes dies,
 And venal hopes, and venal passions rise;
 The honest boast of Democratic pride
 Is drown'd in dark Corruption's swelling tide,
 And Freedom's awful rights are basely sold
 For the vile barter of barbaric gold.
 No more ROME's venerable Senate flings
 Dismay and terror o'er usurping kings;
 No more the injur'd Nations grateful see
 Oppression tremble at her just decree;
 No more her sword is drawn in Glory's cause
 For rights betray'd, or violated laws:

The

The Tyrant buys impunity for vice,
And every public outrage has its price :
Avarice can fix a giddy people's choice,
And servile legions arm at Faction's voice.
In vain a few with steady courage stood,
To stem the torrent of the whelming flood,
The selfish passions with insidious force
Of patriot worth had poison'd every source ;
Still lawless power uprear'd her hydra head,
And Freedom was no more though CÆSAR bled.

Intent the aims of faction to compleat,
Now smother Cuning seiz'd Ambition's seat.—
A Youth unmov'd by pity or by rage,
As Manhood firm, yet cold as palsied Age,
Hiding in specious guile his cruel views,
The impious scheme with ceaseless toil pursues.

His

His wiles, the work of ages to destroy,
Severity and ease by turns employ;
Death's stern decrees, or friendship's milder call,
Allure the timid, or the bold appal:
The enchanting Muses, whose delightful art
Can bend the stubborn purpose of the heart,
His voice invokes to charm the attentive mind,
And hide the fetters that enslave mankind.
The Muses hear!—forgetful that their sway
Was first produced in Freedom's happier day
They hear, and mindless of their ancient worth,
Betray the parent power that gave them birth,
Adore the Author of their country's doom,
And seal the fate of Liberty and ROME.

After a dreadful scene of war and woes,
The brazen gates of two-faced JANUS close,

The

The sad effects of civil discord cease,
And all a restless world is wrapp'd in peace.
By Actium's Victory stopp'd the fatal strife,
No more the dire proscription threatens life,
No more the bloody scroll of Death appears,
But Mercy's snowy garb AUGUSTUS wears.
The gentler Arts each harsher care beguile,
And Science grows beneath his fostering smile:
Around his throne the laughing Loves resort,
And own the influence of a peaceful court.
Pleasures refin'd that GRECIA never knew
Croud to the sight, and bless the raptur'd view:
To the pert quaintness of SOCRATIC wit,
Or the rude jests that lower manners fit,
To feasts where sage disputes the hours employ,
Or the loose revels of licentious joy,
Succeeds that intercourse of sweet delight,
Though gay not vicious, and though free polite,
Their

Their mingled gifts where ease and mirth dispense,
Ease void of roughness, mirth restrain'd by sense :
And lovely Woman, though not taught to know
That public homage later days bestow,
With modest smiles domestic converse graced,
And soften'd by her looks each ruder taste.
Even Freedom though her sacred power was fled
O'er Manners yet a parting radiance shed,
On the warm heart was Virtue's form impress'd,
And dauntless Courage fir'd the warrior's breast.
The generous youth in MARS' gymnastic field
By manly sports his hardy sinews steel'd,
Curb'd the bold steed, the dusty conflict stood,
Or plung'd his glowing limbs in TIBER's flood,
Science a milder charm to Valor gave,
And Empire seem'd to polish, not enslave,
ROME equal Arms, superior Arts could boast,
And hardly deem'd her ancient Glory lost.

But short the light of Pleasure's transient gleam !
Soon Nature starting from the illusive dream
Shrinks back affrighted as her eyes survey
The horrid form of arbitrary sway.—
Monsters who built on vice their dreadful joy,
Proud of their crimes and happy to destroy,
Seiz'd the vast power that Freedom's sons resign'd,
And took the rod of vengeance o'er mankind ;
Life hung alone upon a tyrant's breath,
And each capricious frown awarded death.
Amid the waste of years though haply shine
A TITUS, TRAJAN, or an ANTONINE,
The short-liv'd interval more strongly shews
The striking contrast of despotic woes.
What force can free the mind that Vice has chain'd,
Or clear the current if the fountain's stain'd ?—
No distant regions happier hopes afford
Beneath the empire of a milder lord ;

Fear still beholds where'er her eye she flings,
Subjected states, and tributary kings;
And Power o'ertakes the exile as he goes
O'er LIBYAN deserts, or through SCYTHIAN snows.

Condemn'd the endless scenes of blood to see,
While looks are watch'd, and hardly thought is
free,

In ROME's sad inmates, now a wretched race,
No more the marks of ancient worth we trace,
In the dull soul, a stupid, lifeless void,
Rous'd by no action, by no cares employ'd,
Each fading Energy of Virtue dies,
As droops the plant beneath inclement skies.
The cohorts from the frontier distant far
In slothful ease forget the toils of war,
Or from their camp with factious arms o'ercrow
The weak remains of Freedom and of Law,

O'er Senates with tumultuous force prevail,
And set the Empire of the world to sale.
The Muse no more with native beauty warms
But tricks with art her meretricious charms :
Science in simple form, and semblance chaste,
Offends the alter'd times degenerate taste.
Each social Charity of private life,
The smiling offspring, and the tender wife,
Now cease the scene domestic to endear :
For who can wish a wretched race to rear
Slaves to a cruel tyrant's fickle gust,
Rods of his power, or minions of his lust ?—
To the sweet joys that blushing Beauty gave
Succeeds the traffick of the female slave,
Till fated the perverted Fancy roves
To monstrous pleasures, and unseemly loves.
Debarr'd each just pursuit, the restless mind
Seeks in flagitious deeds relief to find,

In sensual cares grows exquisitely nice,
And only seeks variety of vice.

Their stores the tributary realms supply
To glut even Luxury's insatiate eye;
For ITALY, while ROME no rival knew,
Ere yet BYZANTIUM's sister empire grew,
Saw on her shores contending nations meet
To lay their various produce at her feet,
Commerce who independent states can draw
To equal compact by her general law,
Who weighs what nature gives and what denies,
While mutual barter mutual want supplies,
Exulting ROME contemn'd, who saw unfurl'd
Her conquering banners o'er a subject world,
And her proud offspring buoy'd by ancient fame,
Not gain by purchase, but by empire claim.

All that the warmer fouthern climes difpenfe
Fair to the-eye, and grateful to the fenfe,
Whatever eastern regions can afford
To grace the manfion, or to deck the board,
In endlefs heaps the imperial feat fupplied,
Her pleafure gratified, or footh'd her pride,
At the full feaft to indolence refign'd,
Lie the foft race on purple beds reclin'd,
And o'er the room in many a crimfon fold
The arras hangs with ivory rough and gold:
Of mafive plate the attentive flaves produce
The meaneft veffels of domeftic ufe,
And in rich mifts the cooling odors fhed
Ambrofial fragrance round the lifelefs head,
Through the wide dome the fumes of incenfe roll,
And GRECIA's pureft vintage crowns the bowl.
A nation's wealth their lavifh fancies wafte
To furnifh viands for one great repaft;

And

And Luxury her bloated form so swells
We scarcely credit what th' Historian tells.
To load the table when the Tyrant fed,
Seas have been drain'd, and Hecatombs have
bled;

The Euxine mourn'd her shores despoil'd of fish,
And woods unpeopled form'd one costly dish;
Even when the calls of appetite were o'er,
And Nature's loaded powers could act no more,
With brutal skill were shameful means pursu'd,
That blunted hunger's sickly force renew'd,
In the pall'd taste could false desires excite,
And goad the sated sense to fresh delight.

In constant scenes like these enervate grown,
The slaves of Lust and Gluttony alone,
No joy beyond voluptuous ease they deem,
And small exertions cruel hardships seem,

From Indolence, and Vice their pleasures flow,
And Fear's the only active power they know :
Too selfish e'er to think of public care,
Too weak the weight of manly arms to bear,
A Favorite's nod degenerate legions wait,
And servile Eunuchs regulate the state,
Firm discipline is lost by long neglect,
And mercenary hosts the throne protect.
Weaken'd by CONSTANTINE's misjudging pride
Whose vain designs the imperial strength divide,
Open and wide the extended frontier lay,
To each barbarian hord an easy prey :
On every side the ruffian bands contend,
By turns invade them, and by turns defend,
Till lur'd by wealth and splendor's tempting prize,
The warlike tribes such coward chiefs despise,
Against the trembling race their fwords employ,
And spread destruction round with savage joy,

Pour

Pour o'er each region like a wintry flood,
And ROME's diminish'd empire sets in blood.
Of the long sway of twice six hundred years
Stupendous fabrick! scarce a wreck appears,
Save a poor remnant as the ruin falls
Preserv'd to languish in BYZANTIUM's walls.

Now through the extent of Nature's wide domain
Once more the horrid powers of darkness reign,
Again Chaotic ignorance rears her head,
And o'er mankind her sable veil is spread.
What scatter'd arts survive the general doom
Retreat to wither in the cloister's gloom;
And if by chance from thence some sickly beam
Shoots faintly forth a transitory gleam,
It serves but like the meteor's lurid light
To add new horror to the shades of night.



THE
P R O G R E S S
OF
R E F I N E M E N T.
A
P O E M.
IN THREE PARTS.

C O N T E N T S

O F

P A R T II.

Introduction.—Sketch of the Northern barbarians.—Feudal system.—Origin of Chivalry.—Superstition.—Crusades.—Hence the enfranchisement of Vassals, and Commerce encouraged.—The Northern and Western Europeans, struck with the splendor of CONSTANTINOPLE, and the superior elegance of the SARACENS.—Origin of Romance.—The remains of Science confined to the monasteries, and in an unknown language.—Hence the distinction of learning.—Discovery of the ROMAN Jurisprudence, and it's effects.—Classic writers begin to be admired—Arts revive in ITALY.—GREEK learning introduced there, on the taking of CONSTANTINOPLE by the TURKS.—That event lamented.—Learning encouraged by LEO X.—Invention of Printing.—The Reformation.—It's effects, even on those countries that retained their old Religion.—It's establishment in BRITAIN.—Age of ELIZABETH.—Arts and Literature flourish.—SPENSER.—SHAKESPEAR.—MILTON.—DRYDEN.—The Progress of the Arts checked by the Civil War.—Patronized in FRANCE.—Age of LEWIS XIV.—Taste hurt in ENGLAND during the profligate reign of CHARLES II.—Short and turbulent reign of his Successor.—King WILLIAM no encourager of the Arts.—Age of Queen ANNE.—Manners.—Science and Literature flourish.—Neglected by the first Princes of the House of BRUNSWICK.—Patronage of Arts by his present Majesty.—Poetry not encouraged.—Address to the King.—General view of the present state of REFINEMENT.—Among the EUROPEAN Nations.—FRANCE.—BRITAIN.—ITALY.—SPAIN.—HOLLAND and GERMANY.—Increasing Influence of FRENCH manners.—RUSSIA.—GREECE.—ASIA.—CHINA.—AFRICA.—AMERICA.—Newly discovered islands.—EUROPEAN Colonies.

THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
R E F I N E M E N T.

P A R T II.

AS when stern Winter's desolating power,
Arm'd with the piercing frost, and fleet
shower,

O'er shivering Nature spreads it's iron reign,
Bare stands the grove, and waste extends the plain;
Yet in the scatter'd seed, and buried root
The embryo blossom-hides, prepar'd to shoot
When Spring with milder influence shall prevail,
And balmy Zephyrs breathe the genial gale:

So

So, wrapp'd in Ignorance, though the human heart
No vivid hues retain of ancient art,
Yet still the dormant seeds expectant there
Await the hour of Cultivation's care ;
Still verdant scions from the root shall grow
When mild Occasion's fostering breezes blow,
To bud and bloom again with Parent worth,
And emulate the stock that gave them birth.

Yet as the culture asks severer toil
When poisonous weeds o'errun the useless soil ;
So Reason labors long to bend the breast
Where Error's barbarous tenets are impress'd :
Soon learns the untutor'd thought with generous
aim

To catch the glow of Virtue's holy flame,
But where strong forms of Prejudice deprave
The simpler rules that untaught Nature gave,

PART II. OF REFINEMENT.

227

Ere yet Refinement with her gentle rein
The impatient course of giddy sense restrain,
There every dreadful passion will impart
Superior horror to the vicious heart,
And fill the annals of the unhappy times
With dire events, and unexampled crimes.

The ruffian tribes that pour'd tumultuous forth
In countless myriads from the frozen North,
By no soft touch of milder manners graced,
Rapacious inmates of the howling waste,
'Mid the vast wild of SCANDINAVIAN plains,
Of tempest and of cold the drear domains,
A system fram'd, whose universal sway
The varied race with common zeal obey,
From where the wintry surges foaming break
Of the loud BALTIC, to the CASPIAN lake.

Boldly,

Boldly they vaunt with unsubmitting soul
To scorn of sovereign power the strong control;
Yet to the rule of martial order yield,
And own a Monarch on the embattled field.
By Victory crown'd, the chiefs with equal pride
In different lots the subject realms divide,
And the fierce leader of each separate hord
Reigns o'er his share an independent lord,
What arms had won maintaining by the sword.
For though each stern commander homage paid
When War's loud clarion claim'd the promis'd
aid,

The tumult o'er, no civil force remain'd
That Anarchy's impetuous rage restrain'd:
Each haughty chief could regal justice awe,
And mock the uncertain rules of feeble law.
In constant feuds the ungovern'd tribes engage,
And the dire battle Hate and Vengeance wage.

No

No pity unrelenting Conquest shews,
But the fell tyrant spoils his weaker foes,
Licentious Rapine leads the furious train
And Age, and Rank, and Beauty plead in vain.

Though Prejudice may warp, or Passion blind
Awhile, the honest purpose of the mind,
Yet to the conscious soul of man belong
The love of Justice, and the hate of Wrong;
Firm, though obscur'd, the sacred dictates stand
Implanted there by Heaven's creative hand.
Hence while loud Discord bids with giant pride
Sad Desolation o'er the realms preside,
Some nobler breasts neglected Virtue draws
To arm and vindicate her injur'd cause:
Uncheck'd by doubt, by danger undismay'd,
Prompt to redress when sorrow claims their aid.

With equal hand they deal the avenging blow,
 And lay with joy the oppressive tyrant low ;
 But chief they glory when the generous care
 Of weeping Beauty calls them to the war,
 With dauntless arms her suppliant power they guard,
 And deem her favoring smiles a full reward.
 For the rough tribes thro' Northern wilds that fly'd
 To female merit early deference paid,
 The gentler sex partook the grave debate,
 And more than shar'd the arduous toils of state.
 The hardy warrior whose indignant mind
 No arm could vanquish, and no law could bind,
 To their commands a willing homage gave,
 And each unconquer'd knight was Beauty's slave.
 Amid the crimes that barbarous rudeness knows
 Thus the fair form of Chivalry arose,
 Join'd love's soft glow to valor's fiercer flame,
 And mildly sooth'd the intemperate thirst of fame.

PART II. OF REFINEMENT.

It's influence still, defying change and time,
Spreads o'er each modern EUROPEAN clime,
Lives spite of fickle mode's capricious rage,
And marks the manners of a polish'd age.

Though the rude Nations in their inroads bore
The wild Mythology of Northern lore,
Yet soon the splendor of the ROMAN rite
Caught with it's mystic glare their dazzled sight.
To charm their grosser sense the Priests combine
Each monstrous fiction with a faith divine;
And all that feverish Fancy knows to paint,
The virgin martyr, and the warrior saint,
The fabled cure, and legendary tale,
With force resistless o'er their thoughts prevail.

While such the general impulse of the mind,
To Superstition, and to Arms inclin'd,

THE PROGRESS PART II.

A frantic Hermit with enthusiast breath

Kindles the dreadful flames of war and death :

‘ Arouse ye chiefs of valiant fame !’ He cries,

‘ Lo! Heaven and Glory, point the bold emprise!—

‘ No more at human pity’s humbler call

‘ On man’s oppressors let your vengeance fall,

‘ Behold on SOLYMA’s afflicted lands

‘ The injur’d Deity your zeal demands !

‘ The sacred ground by dying martyrs trod,

‘ The seats made holy by a bleeding GOD,

‘ MOHAMMED’s sons with impious orgies stain,

‘ And soil the hallow’d earth with rites profane,

‘ Bid resignation’s patient votaries feel

‘ The pangs of trying flame, and torturing steel,

‘ Pollute with murder’d saints the dome divine,

‘ And wash with blood JEHOVAH’s awful shrine.

‘ Go forth my sons ! and with religious care

‘ Spread your cross-banners streaming to the air !

PART II. OF REFINEMENT.

' Secure of praise! secure of conquest go,
 ' And wreak heaven's vengeance on a heathen
 ' foe;
 ' Fame's deathless guerdon shall the victor gain,
 ' And crowns immortal sanctify the slain!

Fired by such words unusual ardors rise,
 And far and wide the swift contagion flies,
 All ranks, all orders to the impression yield,
 And swarming millions croud the tented field!
 Not such the numbers XERXES led of yore
 From hostile PERSIA to the GRECIAN shore,
 When his proud fleet the indignant billows chain'd,
 And thirsty hosts the failing river drain'd:
 The rash design though pious folly plann'd,
 Though discord soon dissolv'd the inconstant band,
 From scenes of war yet milder manners grew,
 And man advantage from destruction drew.

The haughty chief to arm his numerous train,
 And grace with martial pomp the glittering plain,
 The wide demefnes of ancient tenure fold,
 And fiefs enfranchis'd for the wanted gold :
 Whence the freed peasant cheerful tills the foil,
 And busy Commerce plies her active toil.
 While as the countless hofs in long array
 Through eastern EUROPE bend their tedious way,
 And view with wondering eyes the gay refort
 Of wealth, and fplendor, to BYZANTIUM'S court,
 The wrecks of ROMAN pride, and GRECIAN fkill
 With new delight the aftonifh'd hofom fill.
 Though lur'd by Rapine, war unjuft they wage,
 And wafte the Arts with more than VANDAL rage,
 Yet foon to ftenes of elegance awake,
 A fofter turn, and nobler aims they take,
 Each curious relic while they fpoil admire,
 And plundering works of tafte, that tafte acquire.

Even

Even from the mixture of ARABIAN fogs
On the barbarian West improvement rose:
The SARACEN had learn'd with liberal hearts
To love the paths of Science, and of Art,
The splendors of magnificence had known,
And deck'd in pomp each oriental throne,
But most his glowing Fancy lov'd to rove
Amid the devious maze of Fiction's grove,
And the luxuriance of the fabling lay
Struck EUROPE'S ruder Bards with forcible sway,
The minstrel now who tun'd his GORGON lyre
To teach the son the achievements of the fire,
Blends with the dreadful tale of blood and arms,
What eastern legends tell of magic charms,
Heightens the horror of the furious fight
With the wing'd dragon, and the enchanted knight,
And bids the bold Romance the hearer move
With the mix'd powers of Wonder, War, and Love.

While thus the Muse enjoys her infant dream,
Coy Reason still conceals her golden beam.
Rome's ancient language in impervious folds
From vulgar eyes each source of Wisdom holds,
And as they list the subtle Priests dispense
The scanty shares of knowledge and of sense.
Hence Learning rose, who insolent, and proud,
Looks down contemptuous on the admiring croud:
While, as unmeaning rules the hearer vex,
And artful doubts the wilder'd thought perplex,
In the strict bands of letter'd form confin'd,
Peculiar prejudice enslaves the mind.
Unlike Philosophy's bold sons of old
Who freely question'd what the instructor told,
O'eraw'd by Pride in education's hours
The timid mind distrusts it's opening powers,
Worships each mystic knot by Error tied,
And blindly follows where it's teachers guide.

ROME'S

Rome's legal Code at length on NAPLES' coast
By chance recover'd, as by ravage lost,
Soon wiser laws, the work of many an age,
Plann'd by the Prince, the Statesman, and the
Sage,
Mix with the edicts fram'd in Error's school,
And smooth the rigid form of Gothic rule;
Wisdom unseals charm'd Reason's drowsy eyes,
And once again ASTREA leaves the skies.
THEMIS abash'd, her folly taught to feel,
Less frequent makes to heaven the rash appeal,
And blushes to decide the doubtful right
By burning Ordeal, or the list'd fight.
The haughty noble quits the civil sword,
And the gown'd Judge succeeds the feudal Lord,
Impartial Justice curbs the oppressive deed,
And Science smiles from savage licence freed.

Now

Now from the Abbey's solitary site
 The imperfect glimmerings shone of classic light,
 The still recluse condemn'd for years to pore
 O'er the dull leaf of theologic lore,
 Awhile would quit fatigu'd the toilsome page
 To view the spoils of learning's happier age,
 As there his curious eyes delighted trace
 The thoughts congenial of a warrior race,
 The attractive charm his ruder style refines,
 And with more art romantic fable shines,
 Those precious relics of imperial Rome
 That haply shunc'd to 'scape the general doom,
 The scatter'd monuments of old delight,
 Strike the warm Fancy, and her powers excite:
 The Latian Muse avows her native clime,
 And drops the servile bands of monkish rhyme:
 While flying from ROMANIA'S ruin'd shore
 Westward the GREEKS their exil'd learning bore.

PATH OF REFINEMENT.

139

O had bright Science then with perfect grace
 Her potent influence shed o'er Europe's race!
 Their victor armies at MUSEPAUS' call*,
 Had chased the Fox from sad BYZANTIUM'S wall,
 That source whence verse it's purest charms deriv'd,
 The glorious voice of GREECE, had then surviv'd;
 The docile ear by living masters taught
 Had from their speech the genuine accents caught,
 In native tones the ATTIC MUSE had sung,
 Nor mourn'd like PHILOMEL her mangled tongue.

Again HESPERIA's happy seats behold
 The sacred laurels bud that bloom'd of old.

* MUSEPAUS was one of those learned GREEKS that fled into ITALY, on the destruction of the Eastern Empire, and were patronized by LEO X. to whom he addressed a Poem in classical GREEK, imploring him to excite the arms of the Christian world against the TURKS. The Poem is printed at the end of Dr. FOSTER's defence of GREEK accents: in which treatise is a happy application of the line in the old EPIGRAM alluded to V. 239.

Ἰλῆσσαι τῶν ἰδίων, καὶ ἰστέον Ἑλλάδα φωνήν.

Chear'd

Chear'd and protected by the papal throne,
The rising arts a LEO's bounty own.
Starts from the sculptur'd stone the breathing frame
To emulate the forms of ancient fame;
The speaking canvass boasts a livelier hue
Than e'er APOLLO's plastic pencil drew,
As RAPHAEL's lines, or TITIAN's glowing dye,
Bid the bold picture strike the enchanted eye.
In TUSCAN numbers TASSO's powers display
The solemn grandeur of the Epic lay;
While VIDA tunes to ROMAN strains the wire
With VIRGIL's sweetness, and with VIRGIL's fire.

And even from northern BELGIA Science
draws

Superior strength to vindicate her cause.
The tedious manuscript no longer foils
The verbal copyist's persevering toils,

No

No more the expensive volumes only wait
 To deck the palace of the rich and great,
 On letter'd art THE PRESS new strength bestows,
 And ampler rays diffusive learning throws.

The increasing powers of ripening sense per-
 vade

The gloomy stillness of the cloister's shade,
 Destroy the bonds that Reason's force confin'd,
 And burst the fetters that enchain'd the mind.
 Though the lone Abbey from barbarian rage
 Sav'd the bright ruins of the classic page;
 Though sometimes meek Religion's holy form
 Would faintly shine through Superstition's storm:
 Yet every vice that shuns the face of day
 Work'd in monastic night its secret way;
 Each impious wile the Church unceasing tries,
 That spreads her empire, or her stores supplies;

Now

Now on the expiring votary's heart employs
The enchanting vision of seraphic joys,
Now bids despair attend the parting breath,
And plants with thorns the trembling bed of
death;

Draws from the fears of langour and of pain
The rich possession, and the wide domain,
On the sad Widow's spoil the altar rears,
And bathes the sacred fane with Orphan tears.
Drunk with the vast excess of wealth and power,
Unmindful of returning Reason's hour,
She boldly prostitutes the laws of Heaven,
And for vile lucre is the indulgence given.
Crimes even that Nature shudders to behold
Obtain their pardon for the stated gold,
And impious leave for future Vice is sold.
But the long reign of Gothic night is past,
And Wisdom's awful morning dawns at last,

The

The fierce anathemas unheeded come,
And LUTHER shakes the enormous power of
ROME.

The forms of Falshood strive in vain to bear
The trying search of Truth's ethereal spear.
Even these less happy regions that remain
Press'd by the weight of Error's galling chain,
Immers'd in clouds of darkness though they seem,
Catch a faint twilight from the distant beam:
Convinc'd that true Religion's piercing eye
Will every source of pious fraud descry,
The furious Priest corrects his cruel zeal,
And milder sway the breathing nations feel,
Mercy's soft culls the bigot's wrath assuage,
And papal thunder loses half its rage.

In GAUL the contrast strongly mark'd appears
Of Reason's force, and Error's gloomy fears:

With

With fond delight her partial eye surveys
Each hallow'd prejudice of earlier days,
Yet though her fons with ancient rite adore
The legendary saints that liv'd of yore,
Oft arm'd by hate though Persecution flood,
And drench'd LUTETIA'S walls with native
blood;

Her's was the earlieft boast with lenient care
To form soft Courtesy's attractive air;
Throw o'er the willing mind Politeness' chains,
And raise that empire which she yet maintains.

But on BRITANNIA'S shores with ample sway
Religion's purest charms their power display.—
As the dread earthquake and the raging storm
The high behests of awful heaven perform,
So a proud tyrant's disappointed aims
Broke the strong tie of ROME'S despotic claims.

The

The labors by the haughty fire begun
Attain perfection from the pious Ion;
And though a female's bigot zeal succeeds,
Burns the firm martyr, and the patriot bleeds,
While stand IBERIA'S sons exulting by
And civil Freedom mark with harpy eye,
The transient terror flies, like vapors driven
By sweeping EURUS o'er the face of heaven,
And Worship freed from each polluting stain,
Adorns the annals of ELIZA'S reign.

Hail glorious Queen! in whose propitious hour
The towering structure rose of BRITAIN'S power.
Let the Historian laboring to impart
His favorite paradox with envious art,
Invoke capricious Malice to deface
The scene of ALBION'S ripening strength and
grace:

Still shall the voice of former times be heard
To vindicate that worth our fires rever'd,
'Twas thine to bid BRITANNIA's native force
Check rash Invasion in her headlong course,
Old OCEAN's waves with prows triumphant
sweep,

And reign unrivall'd o'er the subject deep:
Thine too the milder glory to increase
The gentle sway of Courtesy and Peace.
Though Artists with fastidious look behold
The dome it's rude magnificence unfold,
Though modern Elegance affect to scorn
The rougher Manners which thy court adorn,
Yet sure some reverential awe shall wait
Each venerable pile of ancient state;
Yet sure some bosom even those days shall charm,
When Love romantic, strengthening Valor's arm,

Call'd

Call'd each heroic passion boldly forth,
And gave the admiring world a SYDNEY's worth.

The expectant Muse at length with joyful eyes
The rising hope of ancient fame descries.
Melodious SPENSER while his cares refine
The wild redundancy of the SAXON line,
On GOTHIC fable rears his rich machine,
And sings the paynim' foe and elfin Queen:
While like the laurel'd son of GRECIAN fame
Immortal SHAKESPEAR burns with native flame.—
Unequall'd Bard! the grateful Muse shall raise
To thee the monument of deathless praise,
Nor interweave one flower of foreign bloom
Amid the votive wreaths that deck thy tomb:
For no faint blaze from elder learning caught
Rais'd in thy breast the imitative thought;

Nor shalt my verse compare thy wonderful page
With the best scenes of ATHENS' perfect stage,
Or of thy Phoenix wing a rival own
Save the MÆONIAN Prodigy alone.

A numerous train of tuneful Bards succeed,
Strike the loud lyre, or fill the warbling reed.
In the just pride of inborn Genius bold,
Yet taught by every Muse that charm'd of old,
Soaring with eagle eye, and eagle flight,
Amid the realms of empyrean light,
Lo MILTON throws with daring hand away
The splendid fetters of the Runic lay!
While DRYDEN's clear harmonious notes rehearse
The humblest subject in the sweetest verse,
Nor ask the figur'd style or pompous phrase,
From common speech his simplest lines to raise;

Yet

Yet when some theme with energy sublime,
 Calls forth the wonders of his varied rhyme,
 'Tis his to catch the animating fire,
 Bid the bold strain to giddy heights aspire,
 Rival the MANTUAN swan, or mate the THEBAN
 lyre.

But while fair Poesy with favoring smile
 Beholds her votaries thrive in ALBION'S isle,
 The meeker Arts with trembling step explore
 Some safe asylum on a foreign shore,
 For o'er her fields stern War terrific stood,
 And long and dreadful rag'd the thirst of blood.—
 Though the poetic bay with changeless form
 Braves the worst fury of the thundering storm,
 The inferior flowers that paint the shelter'd vale,
 Shrink at the breath of every ruder gale.—

Soon polish'd GALLIA's hospitable plain
 Yields a kind refuge to the exil'd train,
 For civil Fury from her seats was flown,
 And Monarchy had fix'd her stable throne,
 Their gifts the smiling powers of Peace disclose,
 And LEWIS there a new AUGUSTUS rose:
 A Prince's wiles again the Arts invoke
 With magic touch to lighten Slavery's yoke,
 Reason's keen eye with skilful care to blind,
 And turn from Freedom's view the active mind.
 The grateful race encourag'd by his sway
 The patronage with ample bounty pay,
 Give what his fleets and armies ne'er could claim,
 Unfulfill'd glory, and unenvied fame.
 For though a BRITISH Muse would blush to aid
 The guilty fabric by Ambition made,
 Yet to impartial rules of Justice true
 She gives the praise to real Merit due.—

Not

Not opening Science nor encourag'd Art
Alone their lustre to his reign impart :
The splendid period by his care refin'd
Marks a strong era of the improving Mind.
By him new modell'd wondering EUROPE saw
Her ancient Arms, her Manners, and her Law.
Though dear the price each fair attainment cost,
When in the exchange was Independence lost.
Beauty with sense endow'd, with sweetness graced,
Sits the chief arbitress of soften'd taste,
And fame attends, as her applauding eyes
Of valor or of wit, award the prize.
No more the rural Lord mid distant plains
O'er vassal fiefs a little tyrant reigns ;
To the gay circle of the Monarch's court
All Power, all Splendor, and all Arts resort,
There steep'd in joy the nobler race reside
And change for royal smiles provincial pride.

While marshall'd Discipline with studious care
Gives a new semblance to the forms of War:
No more, their stated service forced to yield,
Untrain'd the hasty levies throng the field,
No more the stripling of illustrious birth
Leads armies by hereditary worth:
An order of the state the Soldier stands,
And though a slave himself the rest commands,
Derives his rank from regal will alone,
And only pays obedience to the throne.

While GALLIA thus a general power obtains
And guides mankind by soft Opinion's reins,
Long was the scene of bleeding BRITAIN'S woes
Ere from the strife emerging Peace arose.
Each party yields at times, at times prevails,
As changing Fortune lifts her dubious scales;

Till

Till lost, or scatter'd, Virtue's Patriot train,
Her cause deserted, and her HAMBDEN slain,
Contending sects fulfill'd a Tyrant's view,
And Faction seiz'd the sword that Freedom drew;
In civil rage each gentler care was drown'd,
And fierce on joy the wild Enthusiast frown'd,
Nor when reviving ALBION saw restor'd
Her ravish'd sceptre, and her legal lord,
Did liberal art the polish'd lustre boast
That mark'd each work of GALLIA's rival coast,
Licentious Vice a laughing court debas'd,
And looser Manners tainted public Taste,
Nor could a graver prince intent alone
To change religion on his tottering throne,
From a short reign of struggle and of care
One transient smile to prostrate Science spare.
And though we own with deference and with awe,
The public virtues that adorn'd NASSAU,

Yet

Yet candor must confess his rigid mind
No Pleasure sooth'd, no Elegance refin'd.
At length BRITANNIA'S sons with transport view
Another Queen their ancient fame renew,
Once more the prize in Arts and Arms obtain,
And see ELIZA'S days reviv'd in ANNA'S reign.

Whate'er of wisdom, and whate'er of grace,
Could form or dignify the human race,
Taught ALBION now her splendid worth to raise,
Beyond the envied height of classic praise.
For say could all the learned sage display'd
In ACADEMUS, or the TUSCAN shade,
Compare with NEWTON, whose immortal force
Pursued coy Nature to her inmost source,
Or LOCKE who knew with lynx's eye to find
Man's secret Soul, and analyse the Mind?

Or

Or shall REFINEMENT in the brightest page
 Of ROMAN Splendor rival ANNA'S Age?
 Where, though Politeness now of freer school
 Condemn Formality's too rigid rule,
 Adorn'd by Reason, Converse learn'd to please,
 And manly Dignity attemper'd Ease,
 Public attention waited conscious Worth,
 And liberal Manners mark'd illustrious Birth.
 The Muses too their tuneful powers employ,
 And the loud ~~Pæan~~ join of general joy:
 What though their voice strikes not the ravish'd
 ear
 With notes that GREECE and ROME were wont to
 hear,
 Yet when sweet POPE's melodious lines convey
 The moral subject in the perfect lay,
 To BRITISH numbers charms unknown impart,
 And varied sounds combine with happiest art,

Rapp'd with delight AONIA's listening throng

Drink the soft accents of the dulcet song,

And own the immortal strains of earlier time

Are nearly rivall'd in a northern clime,

By verse of GOTHIC frame and manacled with
rhime.

Though BRITAIN must revere the kings who
draw

Their royal claims from Liberty and Law,

In holy Freedom's pure regalia shine,

And deem a People's Voice their Right Divine;

Yet midst her patrons Science cannot place

The earliest monarchs of the BRUNSWICK race.

No princely favor kindles Genius' flame;

Or raises modest worth to wealth or fame;

To private vanity the artists trust,

Whence the stiff portrait, and the unmeaning bust,

While

While her Pagodas gaudy CHINA rears,
And CIBBER's brow the sullied laurel wears.

But see! a Prince succeeds whose generous
heart

The liberal Patron glows of every art,
The slumbering train warm'd by his chearing smile
Break from their trance, and polish ALBION's isle.
Yet though MEDUSA's charm revers'd is shewn
As Sculpture animates the PARIAN stone,
By Architecture though the dome is graced
With all the ornaments of ATTIC taste,
Though drawn by Painting's animating hand
With life, with character, the portraits stand;
Yet BRITAIN's candid sons must yield the prize
To the bright influence of ITALIAN skies,
Where GUIDO's touch enthusiast rapture fir'd,
And holy zeal a RAPHAEL's tints inspir'd.

Theirs be the unenvied triumph!—while applause
From her inventive powers BRITANNIA draws.

The stores in Nature's rural empire placed
To chuse with judgment, and arrange with taste,
O'er the soft grace her genuine forms impart
To throw the simple stole of decent Art,

For the high fountain, and the pent cascade,
Cyphers of turf, and cabinets of shade,
To teach the wave in graceful bends to flow,
To crown with wood the mountain's heathy brow,
And bid the flower and blooming shrub succeed
The rugged bramble, and the loathsome weed,
This be her glory!—pleas'd to shine alone

In native charms, and Beauty all her own:

Secure her fame unhurt by time shall stand

Since MASON's verse records what BROWN has
plann'd.

But

. But ah! while thus the Arts inferior train
Thrive in the sunshine of a GEORGE's reign;
Sweet Poësy, whose sacred powers exceed
The Sculptor's chisel, and the Painter's reed,
Whose pen has Virtue's moral shape design'd,
And drawn the immortal image of the Mind,
Whose magic sounds to melody dispense
The flowers of Fancy, and the force of Sense;
Sweet Poësy, neglected and forlorn,
The feeble rays of patronage must mourn.
By wealth or wisdom placed in happier state
Though a bold few disdain to court the great;
Though MASON frame the warm descriptive lay,
Or strike the lyre with PINDAR, and with GRAY;
Though listening Harmony with raptur'd ear
Attentive stand, the enchanting notes to hear,
As sailing on the rainbow-tinctur'd wings
Of chaste Imagination, HAYLEY sings:

In plaintive strains at fighting Friendship's call
Though tuneful SEWARD mourn her ANDRE's fall,
And wrap the felon cord that clos'd his breath
In radiant Glory's amaranthine wreath ;
Tho' WARTON young-ey'd Fancy's favorite child,
On whose auspicious birth the Muses smil'd,
And taught his glowing colors to portray
The rural landscape, and the vernal day,
With classic Art his flowing numbers fill,
And join the Critic's to the Poet's skill ;
Yet as with streaming eye the forrowing Muse
Pale CHATTERTON's untimely urn bedews,
Her accents shall arraign the partial care
That shielded not her son from cold despair :
And many a bard by frowning Fortune led
To abject interest bows the venal head,
Compell'd to point with cruel wit the dart
That wing'd by malice rives the blameless heart,

Or

Or ideot pride by flavish notes to raise,
And cast to swine the precious gems of praise.

O let, Imperial GEORGE! the Muses share
The kindly dews of thy parental care.
Too oft has Poesy with servile aim
By tyrants favor'd, sung a tyrant's fame,
O let one monarch wake her nobler rage,
And consecrate to Truth her holy page!
Rais'd by thy hand, I see on ALBION's plain
The seeds of GRECIAN glory bloom again!
See Genius plume once more her eagle wing,
Hear other HOMERS, other SHAKESPEARS sing!
And while their voice down time's eternal flood
Wafts the clear honors of the Wise and Good,
Ages unborn shall bless the just decree,
And future Heroes owe their fame to thee.

Here let us pause,—attentive to survey
The present æra of REFINEMENT's sway.
As in some perfect scene of BRITAIN's ile,
Where all the charms of cultur'd Nature smile,
To velvet lawns, and flowery shades, succeed
The furrow'd champain, and the irriguous mead,
Then woods, and heaths in soft perspective rise,
Till rough the distant mountains meet the skies;
So let our search the changing picture trace
Through all the different tribes of human race;
The strong gradations mark with curious eye
Midst civil and barbarian life that lie,
From EUROPE's crouded towns and inmates mild,
To the rude savage, and the dreary wild.

Conspicuous rising o'er the various scene,
Of Arts and Arms, though EUROPE shine the
Queen

Yet

Yet even her offspring from REFINEMENT share
 Unequal influence, and a partial care.
 With studious zeal the polish'd sons of FRANCE
 Lead up attractive Pleasure's airy dance,
 Each varied mark of character forsake
 One pliant form of general mode to take,
 The fairest wreaths from Courtesy to claim
 Their first ambition, and their proudest aim.

Not so BRITANNIA, on her bleaker plains
 Still wild Caprice in spite of Science reigns,
 No central court there all distinction draws,
 No judge directs of critic art the laws,
 All as they list presume to regulate
 The page of learning and the powers of state,
 Indignant cast each servile rule away,
 Nor even in Taste admit despotic sway.—

No ductile texture can the mind acquire
Mid Faction's storms, and Freedom's glowing fire:
The amorous youth at Party's noisy call
Quits for the grave debate the lively ball;
And in the social scenes of softer grace
Will Business oft intrude with serious face,
While Politics on public cares decide,
And settle EUROPE's rights by Beauty's side.

Though ITALY first saw reviving Art,
And wakening Science sooth again the heart,
She loiters now in Glory's bright career,
Nor longer pants the prize of fame to wear;
No more her pencil bids the canvas glow,
But yields the envied wreath to REYNOLDS'
brow;
Damp'd is the bold Historian's generous fire,
Numb'd the free hand, and mute the living lyre.

Yet

Yet her's the boast with skilful touch to bring
The sweetest sounds from Music's trembling
string,

To bid full Harmony with swelling note
In undulating lays of Rapture float,
The liquid strains of melody prolong,
And lap the soul in extasy of song.

IBERIA'S sons, of yore who foremost strove
In the bright lists of Valor and of Love,
Who caught in early time each softer grace
From their brave victors of the MOORISH race,
(No more to Emulation's call awake,)
The paths of Glory and of Art forsake,—
What time COLUMBUS taught them to explore
The treasur'd wonders of the ATLANTIC shore,
Gold, all corrupting gold with fatal charm
Entranced the bosom, and unnerv'd the arm,

And lazy Avarice every wish confines
To the rich produce of the INDIAN mines.
While Bigotry, whose blast no power survives,
Thro' the waste realms with furious whirlwind drives,
And bids them Heaven's avenging Justice feel
For fell PIZARRO's flames, and CORTEZ' murderous steel.

In BELGIA o'er a people's prostrate heads
Her universal reign where Commerce spreads,
The thirst of gain absorbs all other care,
And few the votaries of REFINEMENT there,
While in GERMANIA endless forms conspire
To damp the ingenuous glow of native fire,
The Herald's blazon, and the Noble's pride,
The different ranks so rigidly divide,
That deepest Science, and exalted worth
Can ne'er o'erleap the casual bar of Birth.

Besides

Besides such empty claims the thoughts employ,
 So clog the free exchange of social joy,
 Such serious trifles so engage the taste,
 Such dire effects attend a name misplaced,
 That far the gentler Graces wing their flight,
 Nor bear the drudgery to grow polite.

Yet the strong marks of characters like these
 Fade every hour and vanish by degrees.—
 Those numerous causes that with different force
 Have bias'd, or oppos'd, REFINEMENT'S course,
 Have dimm'd her radiant beams with fullen
 gloom,
 Or veil'd the lustre of her native bloom,
 With daily lapse their weaken'd influence lose,
 One general form as GALLIA'S arts diffuse,
 What Prejudice destroy'd, or Error stain'd,
 By imitative Zeal is now regain'd,

And EUROPE's changing race with common care

Affect her manners, and assume her air.

Piercing the midnight gloom of Northern skies

At length in RUSSIAN climes the Arts arise:

Already by a patriot Monarch fought,

Had Industry each rougher Science taught,

And now those joys that grayer toil beguile,

The favoring warmth confels of CATHERINE'S
smile.

O glorious Princess! lo the forrowing Muse

Thy great designs with anxious look pursues!

For as she frequent bends her weeping eye

To scenes on EUROPE's utmost bound that lie,

And sees pale Tyranny's oppressive throne

Triumphant rear'd o'er regions once her own,

A gleam of hope awhile her anguish charms

Drawn from thy generous aims, and conquering arms:

She

She views in Fancy's dream thy Victor host

Drive the grim Despot from the GRÆCIAN coast,

Sees EUROPEAN Freedom bless the shore,

And Science grace her favorite seats once more.

ASIA's wide realms, on whose propitious earth

First teeming Genius gave REFINEMENT birth,

Lie the sad objects of barbarian sway,

To tyrants fierce, and fiercer lusts a prey.

For on her eastern plain's extremest verge

Her early claims though distant CHINA urge,

Though Arts which EUROPE saw of late unfold

Inform'd she boasts her wiser chiefs of old;

Yet as her jealous sons have never join'd

The common intercourse of human kind,

To each fond tale the traveller displays

A doubtful credit wavering Reason pays,

And

And Learning fears the insidious race to own,
Of all unknowing, and by all unknown.

What else exists beneath the cope of heaven
Is to the savage tribe of wanderers given,
Who unrestrain'd by precept or by law,
From climate, and from soil, their difference
draw.

The sable AFRICAN no culture boasts,
Fierce as his sun, and ruthless as his coasts;
And where the immeasurable forests spread
Beyond the extent of Ocean's western bed,
Unsocial, uninform'd, the tawney race
Range the drear wild; and urge the incessant chase.
Amid the wide expanse of southern seas
Where the blest isles inhale the genial breeze,
The happier native in the fragrant grove
Woos the soft powers of Indolence and Love:

But

But where more keen the ray, more rude the gale,
Manners less mild and harsher cares prevail;
Till in the sad extremes of polar frost,
The sacred beam of human reason lost,
Man scarcely rises from the shaggy brood
That prowl insatiate o'er the icy flood.

Dire were the scene!—but EUROPE'S gentler
kind,
Tempting the billowy deep and fickle wind,
With venturous prows each distant feat explore,
And boldly tread the inhospitable shore;
Tame the wild waste, correct the unwholesome air,
And fix of polish'd life the empire there.
On AFRIC'S southmost point their happy toil
Bids gay POMONA clothe the fultry soil,
Their power on ASIA'S eastern coast commands,
And GANGES flows by EUROPEAN lands:

In

In the vast tracts beyond the ATLANTIC main
Their Arts, their Science, and their Manners
reign,

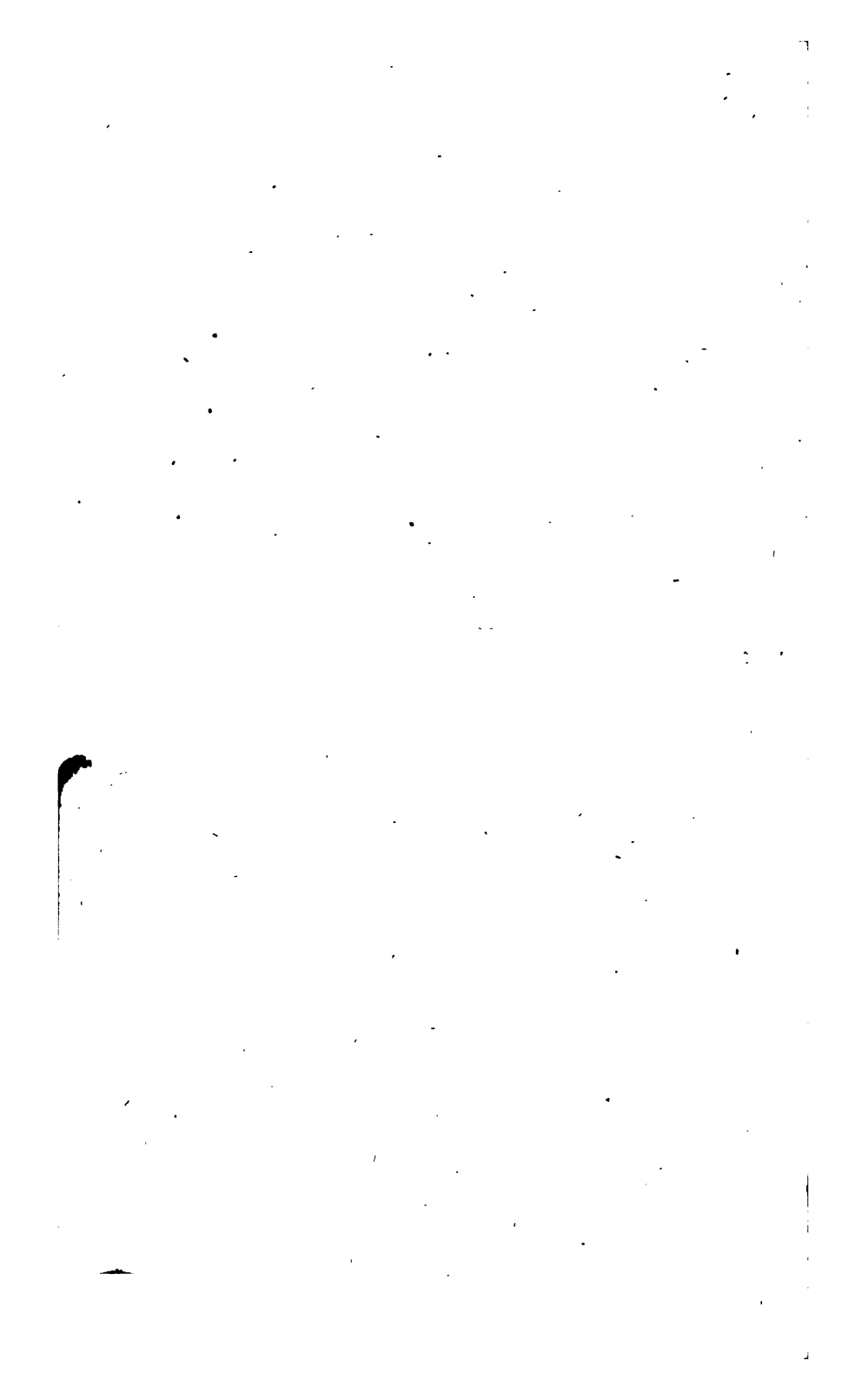
Where rising Glory soars with pinion young,
And imitates the parent whence she sprung:
While, (civil Discord's bloody storm o'erblown,)
ALBION, her brave descendants proud to own,
‘Lo these my sons!’ exulting shall exclaim,
‘Who caught from me immortal Freedom's flame,
‘And firmly zealous in the holy cause,
‘Extend o'er half the globe BRITANNIA's laws.’

May EUROPE's race the generous toil pursue,
And Truth's broad mirror spread to every view;
Awake to Reason's voice the savage mind,
Check Error's force, and civilize mankind;
Faith's radiant beam impart to farthest climes,
And teach pure Wisdom undebas'd by crimes;

To

To the free breeze the swelling sail unfold
Impell'd by Virtue, not allur'd by Gold.

No more with arms the trembling tribes destroy,
But soft Persuasion's gentler Powers employ,
Till, from her throne barbarian Rudeness hurl'd,
REFINEMENT spread her Empire o'er the world.



THE
P R O G R E S S
OF
R E F I N E M E N T.

A
P O E M.

IN THREE PARTS.

C O N T E N T S .

O F

P A R T III.

Introduction.—Comparison of ancient and modern Manners.—Peculiar softness of the latter.—Humanity in War.—Politeness.—Enquiry into the causes.—Purity of the Christian Religion.—Abolition of Slavery in EUROPE.—Remaining effects of Chivalry.—The behaviour of EDWARD the Black Prince, after the battle of POITIERS, contrasted with a ROMAN Triumph.—Tendency of fire-arms to abate the ferocity of war.—Duelling.—Society of Women.—Consequent prevalence of Love in poetical compositions.—Softness of the modern Drama.—SHAKESPEAR admired, but not imitated.—Sentimental Comedy.—Novels.—Diffusion of superficial knowledge.—Prevalence of Gaming in every state of mankind.—Peculiar effect of the universal influence of Cards on modern times.—Luxury.—Enquiry why it does not threaten EUROPE now, with the fatal consequences it brought on ancient ROME.—Indolence, and Gluttony, checked by the free intercourse with women.—Their dislike to effeminate men.—The frequent wars among the EUROPEAN Nations keep up a martial spirit.—Point of Honor.—Hereditary Nobility.—Peculiar situation of BRITAIN.—Effects of Commerce when carried to excess.—Danger when money becomes the sole distinction.—Address to Men of ancient and noble families.—Address to the Ladies.—The Decline of their influence, a sure fore-runner of selfish Luxury.—Recapitulation and Conclusion.

THE
P R O G R E S S
OF
R E F I N E M E N T.

P A R T III.

THUS far with cautious Pencil have I traced
The striking forms on History's tablet
placed.

Harder the task on Truth's unblemish'd page.

To sketch the living features of the age,

Each transient character with care define,

And catch the fleeting shape with ready line ;

Contrast the Manners modern times display

With the Refinements of an earlier day ;

Remark what each from chance, or custom, draws,
And seek with curious eye the latent cause;
Shew Virtue's sinking worth, or kindling flame,
And give impartial praise, or candid blame.

In ROME, while ROME's meridian power was
graced

With the bright æra of AUGUSTAN taste,
Tho' Art's skill'd votaries reach'd their utmost goal,
Though social pleasure sooth'd the liberal soul,
Yet rude the joys, and coarse the manners shew,
To those which EUROPE's modern nations know,
Where sweet Benevolence the expression warms,
Dwells on the tongue, and every accent forms.
Nor is the exterior semblance bright alone,
A specious veil o'er selfish passion thrown;
The gentle bosom real kindness feels,
And o'er the soften'd mind Affection steals;

Pity and Horror watch o'er human life,
And Murder trembling drops his fatal knife.
Even War, terrific War! has learn'd to wear
A milder garb, and features less severe:
The fury of the doubtful conflict o'er,
Though gorged with death, and red with streaming
gore,

The valiant captive meets attentive care,
And vanquish'd foes fraternal kindness share;
Humanity still meek and prompt to save,
Heals every wound the bleeding combat gave,
Bids the worst horrors of the battle cease,
And lends BELLONA half the charms of peace.

Politeness too it's nicest skill employs,
And gives the last fine touch to human joys;
Sweetly combines with unaffected ease
The care to aid us, and the wish to please.

Far from that pertness whose capricious fit
Deems satire freedom, and ill manners wit,
Mistakes fastidious pride for judgment chaste,
And thinks that censure shews superior taste :
Far from that fulsome flattery Dulness pays
Who servile adulation takes for praise,
The eye on every latent foible draws,
And gives an insult where she means applause.
And far, O far ! from that insidious aim
Which screens Deceit beneath REFINEMENT'S
name,
The selfish smile, the promise insincere,
And all the rules of Fashion's favorite peer.
But that smooth polish, elegant and bright,
Which placing merit in the fairest light,
By soft compliance rude ill-temper veils,
And half reforms the vices it conceals.

Say from what source shall keen enquiry trace
 These striking characters of gentler grace?—
 Numerous the varied springs whose powers combin'd
 Direct and regulate the ductile mind.—
 First that blest fountain of serene delight,
 Meek-ey'd Religion's mild un sullied rite,
 The patient votary's humbled breast imbues
 With heavenly Charity's ambrosial dews,
 In vain the Infidel's o'erweening pride
 Affects her hallow'd dictates to deride,
 Exalts the wisdom of the ancient school,
 And boasts of moral Virtue's rigid rule;
 By Christian Faith the perfect doctrines taught
 Shall mock Philosophy's sublimest thought,
 In the clear beams of Truth celestial shine,
 And speak their Holy Teacher all divine.
 Thence even the stubborn Sceptic mildness draws,
 And feels their influence though he scorn their laws,

The sacred rights of human Nature known,
From EUROPE'S climes has exil'd Slavery flown,
Who saw of old her fable wing display
A gloomy shade o'er Freedom's brightest day.—
O could my verse forget she still defiles
The sunny regions of the ATLANTIC isles!
Still dwells amidst the hardier race that try
In fields of blood for BRITISH Liberty!
There the sad LIBYAN bought in shameful
trade,
Vanquish'd by foes, or by his chiefs betray'd,
Waits from his cruel lord's remorseless breath
The doom of labor, insult, stripes, and death.
Were such the fatal gifts from home ye brought
Such the dire lessons PARENT EUROPE taught?—
Ah no!—beneath her inimical skies
Blasted at once the venom'd monster dies.

Bold Chivalry employ'd her earliest care
To sooth the rugged brow of frowning War,
Valor's fierce form by Courtesy refin'd,
And bent to Mercy's sway the headstrong mind.
She taught her gallant votaries to forego
Each mean advantage o'er a prostrate foe,
And shew'd her pupils rear'd in Error's gloom,
To shame the polish'd chiefs of GREECE and ROME.

Crown'd by success, and deck'd in impious
pride,

See in stern pomp the imperious Consul ride,
With each sad victim of uncertain war
Dragg'd in remorseless triumph at his car.
While Kings and Chiefs superior insult know,
And only feel pre-eminence in woe.
O had of GOTHIC days the rudest knight
Seen these barbarians, falsely deem'd polite,

Shout as the wretched Hero pass'd along,
Scorn'd and affronted by the unfeeling throng,
How had he turn'd aside the indignant eye
As the dire pageant mov'd exulting by,
To curse the hearts that selfish maxims steel,
And execrate the effects of patriot zeal.—

Now view on nearer POITIER's trophied plain
The gentler triumphs of BRITANNIA's train!
Though every taunt swol'n Insolence could give
Warm in the Victor's glowing breast must live,
Yet when aloft o'er ENGLAND's valiant few
With unexpected pinion Conquest flew,
And GAUL's pale Genius sunk her flagging wing;
And mourn'd her slaughter'd Peers and captive
King;

No keen resentment edg'd the BRITISH sword,
No biting insult barb'd one cruel word,

But

But godlike EDWARD mild in fortune's hour
 Sooth'd the sad Monarch fall'n from regal power,
 To vanquish'd greatness generous homage paid
 And serv'd the prisoner that his sword had made.

Even those destructive tubes whose fiery breath
 Spreads wide the scenes of carnage and of death,
 Though their dread roar the novice ear affright,
 Aid mercy's power and humanize the fight.
 Unseen each blow, no warrior treads the plain
 Demanding vengeance for a brother slain,
 No favorite kill'd awakes PELIDES' hate,
 No spoils of PALLAS urge a TURNUS' fate,
 From hands unknown the mortal stroke is given,
 And every bullet seems a bolt from Heaven.

Yet, to the chiefs of elder time unknown,
 Punctilious rage from feudal Honor grown

Provokes

Provokes for spleenful wrongs the deadly strife,
And claims in private war the forfeit life.—
But though too plainly from this dreadful cause
Society a milder aspect draws,
And practis'd in the School of Fear, or Shame,
Fools grow polite, and Savages are tame;
Let not the applauding Muse provoke to chide
The weeping Orphan, or the widow'd Bride,
Awake the trembling Matron's anxious fears,
Or ope the sacred source of Beauty's tears.

No!—let us turn from fields of death the view,
And the calm scenes of softer Peace pursue.
Their placid sway the gentler sex impart,
Refine the manners, and improve the heart,
From the harsh breast each sterner thought
remove,
And tune the yielding soul to joy and love.

No

No barbarous Jealousy's misjudging care,
Severely watches o'er the imprison'd Fair,
No household Tyrant fixes Beauty's doom,
To ply the incessant web and servile loom,
Nor does the mind allur'd by PLATO's dream,
Verging to Folly's opposite extreme,
It's bosom's Queen in hues ethereal paint
And deem the blooming maid the impassive
faint.

Daughters of Love! they shine with native power,
And bless the lone, and grace the social hour,
With spotless truth, and ardent passion, blend
The enchanting mistress, and the faithful friend,
Each fonder joy that lessens grief dispense,
Convince the reason and delight the sense.
With bashful coyness temper fierce desire,
And lead by virtue while by charms they fire.

The potent force of such resistless sway
Inspires the Muse, and governs every lay;
The tender Bard exerts his utmost skill,
And all our strains pathetic warblings fill.
The Drama lays her awful robe aside
Of gloomy horror, and terrific pride,
Content alone the gentle mind to move
With the sad story of distressful love.—
Delightful Art!—though first in shapeless guise
Reviving Genius saw thy form arise,
When the rude bigot on the barbarous stage
Produc'd the mysteries of the holy page;
Soon AVON's towering eagle bore thy name
Beyond the exalted flights of ATTIC fame.
Though nicer skill succeeding times demand,
Though now correctness prune with cautious hand,
With scorn tho' GALLIA view the GOTHIC school,
Attentive to adopt each ancient rule,

While

While the deep pathos, and the bold sublime,
Escape her dull harangues, and duller rhyme.
Not all her precepts form'd by critic care
Shewn in the flowing numbers of VOLTAIRE,
Not even the GRECIAN Muse, who stalks a Queen
With solemn footstep o'er the crouded scene,
And by her numerous Choir attended, sings
The splendid fate of magistrates and kings,
Shall with our SHAKESPEAR vie, whose every thought
Drawn from sensation, and by Nature taught,
Defies the slavish rules of scenic art,
And speaks at once conviction to the heart.
Yet now his track no daring bard pursues,
No more the stage is trod by History's Muse;
No Tyrants there the pangs of conscience own,
No Furies haunt the Usurper on his throne;
With softer anguish Tragedy prevails,
And deeds of horror yield to plaintive tales,

While full the sympathetic currents flow
 At each affecting scene of humbler woe.
 Even Comedy who us'd with jocund grace
 To dress in chearful smiles the applauding face,
 Oft quits the playful scourge of ridicule,
 Spares the pert coxcomb, and the pompous fool,
 The winning form of gentle pity wears,
 And unsuspected cheats us into tears.

And see in amorous style the Novel dress'd
 With sentimental sorrow melts the breast,
 Swells the fair bosom with the heaving sigh,
 And fills with drops of grief the virgin's eye.
 Perhaps too far the enchanting lore imparts
 It's keen sensations to unguarded hearts;
 The tender scenes by Vice though oft design'd
 So rivet to the page the attentive mind,

So oft with glowing tales of Passion sooth
 The unexperienced ear of female youth,
 That many a Maid rapt by their magic power
 Steals from her custom'd rest the midnight hour,
 To trace through lengthen'd tomes of grief display'd
 The monstrous shapes by Folly's hand portray'd;
 Whence the perverted Fancy learns to lose
 The sweet attractions of the chaster Muse.—
 Awake to each fictitious feeling grown,
 And mov'd by ills to real life unknown,
 The mind, with scenes of fabled woe possess'd,
 Will shut to homely grief the senseless breast,
 And turn from Want and Pain the offended ear,
 To pour for feign'd distress the barren tear.

Wide too her wave has swelling Knowledge
 spread,

And the full stream surrounding Nations fed.

With

With unremitting care the fage of old
Each maze of Science labor'd to unfold,
Hung o'er the tedious page with aching sight
Toil'd through the day, and watch'd the wintry
night :

But teeming presses now around diffuse
The monthly magazine and daily news,
Where bards on bards in endless train succeed,
And all pretend to judge, who know to read.

Whate'er pursuits the attentive mind employ
Must mark our manners with a strong alloy.
Gaming a feature of the human frame
In various states and various climes the same,
Can the warm'd breast with strong sensation
strike,
And rude and courtly bosoms charm alike.

For this old Rome's luxurious youth would flight *
 The healthful labor, and the sportive fight;
 For this among the extended woods that spread
 Where the blue GERMAN hid his restless head †;
 The rugged inmates won by lust of play
 Dear life, and dearer freedom gave away!
 Even in the dusky tribes by Nature placed
 Mid the lone horrors of the ATLANTIC waste,
 Where scarce the claim of property obtains,
 In savage fury dreadful, Gaming reigns:
 Hence though the sons of wealth in this delight,
 Now waste with wakeful toil the livelong night,

* ——— Nescit equo rudis
 Hære ingenuus Puer;
 Venarique timet, ludere doctior
 Seu Græco, jubeas trocho,
 Seu malis vetita legibus alea.

Hor. Od. 24. Lib. 3.

† Aleam (quod mirere) sobrii inter seria exercent, tanta
 lacrandi perdendive temeritate, ut quum omnia defecerunt,
 extremo ac novissimo jactu de libertate et de corpore contem-
 nant. Tacitus de Morib. Germ.

Though on one stake will ample fortunes lie,
And mortgaged manors wait a single die;
Yet here no form peculiar can we trace
No striking character of modern race.
But CARDS by dull invention first design'd
To sooth a frantic Monarch's listless mind *,
O'er EUROPE now extend their strong controul,
And almost seem to fascinate the soul:
Of every calling, and of every state,
The grave, the gay, the humble, and the great,
Save the hard sons of wretched labor, fed
By daily drudgery, with daily bread,
How few but give to this unmeaning play
Three tedious hours from every circling day!
Nor let the serious Muse though light they seem,
Beneath her solemn care such trifles deem;

* Cards are said to have been invented in the year 1390,
to divert the melancholy of CHARLES VI. of FRANCE.

Weak masters though they be, their potent art
Gives a strong tincture to the human heart :
As the fang'd brood hot LIBYA's sands among
Though by fierce rage or maddening hunger stung,
If the clear stream their form reflected shew,
Loose all their vengeance on the shadowy foe ;
So here those powers by Reason unrepres'd
Whose furious whirlwinds shook the human breast,
Bade with deep wounds contending nations bleed,
And urg'd the daring, or the atrocious deed,
In trifling cares their idle force engage,
And waste on mimic forms their harmless rage.—
Yet let not Fashion's modern votaries boast
Of harsher manners through their influence lost :
If life's severer evils they subdue,
And smooth the rugged mind; they weaken too;
If savage Hate they quell, and wild Desire,
They damp the Poet's, and the Patriot's fire,

The fervid glow of Friendship's flame remove,
And almost quench the golden lamp of Love.

Her magic powers as pleasure thus combines,
Each bosom softens and each care refines,
Still fure the scenes of opulence to share,
Spreads Luxury her splendid empire there;
On EUROPE's lap is pour'd the varied store
Of every climate, and of every shore.
For her ARABIA gives her rich perfume,
And labors for her eye the PERSIAN loom;
For her the INDIAN culls with fainting toil
The spicy harvests of his sultry foil;
In her cool air remov'd from ASIAN fields
It's luscious juice the ripe Anana yields;
And Industry with busy care supplies
The want of glowing lands, and sultry skies,

While

While all the fruits that Summer heats afford,
With blush untimely deck December's board;
Spring throws her mantle o'er the freezing hours,
And hoary Winter binds his brow with flowers.
The swelling sail in climes remote unfurl'd,
Wafts home the produce of another world.
No more the bark steer'd by the starry ray,
With prow uncertain plows the watery way;
But guided by that Gem whose mystic power
To Arctic regions points in every hour,
Commerce new oceans ventures to explore,
And launches boldly from the lessening shore,
Dares the dread wonders of the deep unfold,
And toils at once for glory, and for gold.

But does not Reason's faithful mirror shew
The future prospect of distress and woe,

And point what dangers modern softness wait
In the sad tale of ROME's declining state?—
Far yet such fears!—unnumber'd checks there lie
To stop the fatal flight of Luxury.
First, a less dangerous form it's power receives
From the strong influence Beauty's empire gives,
Of culinary skill the enormous waste
Offends with dull disgust her nicer taste;
Grandeur must art as well as wealth display,
And appetite to elegance give way.
Foul Gluttony, his beastly empire o'er,
Now snuffs the bleeding Hecatomb no more;
The rosy ink, and glittering gem, adorn
No rich tiara by the tyrant worn;
The flowing muslin in resplendent folds
No bloated son of selfish passion holds;
A nobler end the gifts of Commerce share,
And deck with heighten'd charms the lovely fair;
The

The snowy lawn's transparent web displays
The panting bosom to the enamor'd gaze ;
For them the loom it's dædal labor plies,
For them the gems disclose their various dies,
Rival their glowing cheeks, and emulate their eyes. }

Even tho' their smiles the stubborn bosom tame,
They kindle martial valor's generous flame :
EUROPE of old her free-born daughters gave
To Virtue's champion, not to Passion's slave,
Not only Love's sweet raptures to dispense,
And sooth with wanton blandishment the sense,
But the rough scenes of changeful life to share,
Double each joy, and lighten every care,
While he their choice who fiercest waged the fight,
For Beauty ever graced the boldest knight :
And still amid REFINEMENT's softest reign
The glorious with their gentle breasts retain.

No lazy SYBARITE with wily art
By female manners wins the female heart,
But through the studied garb and air refin'd,
Must beam the symptoms of the manly mind,
For warlike fame their sure attention draws,
And the brave soldier gains their first applause.

Contending Nations too with jealous pride,
And different interest, EUROPE'S shores divide;
Each state, like GREECE of old in Freedom's
hour,
With greater strength boasts independent power,
And fierce Ambition by incessant storms
In valor's rigid school the hero forms.
Hence though it's sweet allurements Wealth display,
Though Pleasure wide extend her silken sway,
Still EUROPE may her manly sons behold,
Firm though luxurious, and though gentle bold;

The

The polish'd noble feels the generous fires
And dauntless courage of his feudal fires,
Her rule severe imperious Honor brings,
And checks the power of arbitrary kings.
Does Honor call?—unsheath'd the avenging sword
Mocks the stern mandate of the regal lord.
Does martial Honor point to bold renown?—
From sumptuous banquets, and from beds of
down,
Elate and gay the pamper'd warrior flies
To fatal climates, and ungenial skies;
The extremes of heat and cold unshelter'd braves,
And tempts the furious strife of winds and waves;
Sees all around him crouding legions fall
Pierced by the gleaming steel, or distant ball,
Unmov'd receives the cannon's thundering breath,
And meets with breast unarm'd the shafts of death,

Ah BRITAIN ! while with radiance all divine
On thee the unfullied rays of Freedom shine !
While thy bold sons with steady eye pervade
Each form by ancient error sacred made,
The haughty noble's titled boast deride,
And treat with scorn hereditary pride,
Despise fantastic Honor's shadowy name,
Till Sense and Reason ratify her claim,
Dread in my bosom even those Virtues raise,
Anxious I view and tremble while I praise.
Though Rank in other climes may chance to tread
Insulting o'er indignant Merit's head,
Yet curb'd in visionary fetters hold
The aspiring Slave of plunder, and of gold,
Custom will oft where Prudence yields prevail,
And Prejudice may save if Wisdom fail :
Should e'er Corruption's dark insidious wave
Sap the firm barriers ancient Freedom gave ;

Should

Should Patriot Glory fly the ill-fated land,
And fordid Wealth the sole distinction stand,
What could repel with salutary force
Increasing Luxury's unbridled course?
Thy recreant sons may then lament too late
The happier errors of each neighbouring state;
And Virtue's pure ethereal substance fled,
With Honor's fainter semblance in it's stead.

Though Commerce wide her general blessings
 shower

When moderation bounds her restless power,
Though on our shores she spread with liberal hand
The fair productions of each distant land,
And richer harvests from our cultur'd fields
Rough Industry by her encourag'd yields,
Feeds both the toiling hive, and lazy drones,
The Hind that labors, and the Lord that owns;

Yet

Yet when forsaking every manlier thought,
Each firm resource with native vigor fraught,
A feeble state with abject hope relies
But on the uncertain aid her force supplies;
From imposts laid on vice subsistence draws,
And lavish waste encourages by laws;
Disdains each nobler call that charm'd of old,
And rates perfection by the test of gold,
Soon shall corruption with unbounded tide
In sweeping fury o'er the region ride;
While crouching woes the wretched empire
wait
That strove by bloated weakness to be great,
Gave her own strength and inborn worth away
For the faint phantom of commercial sway;
Proud to extend a vast precarious reign
On Folly founded, and which Crimes maintain.

Sure,

Sure, or the scene a gloomy aspect wears
View'd through the medium of prophetic fears,
Or now, even now, the sad contagion spreads,
And dire effects on BRITISH manners sheds.
The race who draw their worth from wealth alone,
Nor other rank, nor other merit own,
In high esteem by abject flattery placed,
Debase our morals, and corrupt our taste:
The dread infection flies from fire to son,
And Folly dissipates what Avarice won;
Expence the place of elegance supplies,
And half demolish'd Beauty's empire lies.
The breast that Education never form'd
Bright Science train'd, or sportive Fancy warm'd,
Knows not with mirth unting'd by scorn to please,
Be gay with dignity, and grave with ease,
But vents the jest uncouth with coarse delight,
And deems unmanner'd insolence polite.

While

While the rude vulgar glad to draw disgrace
On the invidious claims of birth, and place,
Applaud the glare by lavish Ignorance shewn,
And give distinctions chance may make their own.

Ye ancient Lords of BRITAIN'S fair domain!
'Tis yours to vindicate REFINEMENT'S reign;
Though Wisdom's eye disdain the titled slave
Staining the Honors which his fathers gave,
Yet with a brighter hue shall Virtues shine
That add new lustre to a noble line.—
Say is the pride of birth concentred all
In the old trophy and the banner'd hall?—
Yours be the fairer boast in docile youth
To catch from Learning's voice the lore of Truth,
Drink the pure reasonings of the patriot sage,
And cull each flower that decks the classic page,

Till

Till by the fame of godlike heroes fir'd,
The man shall copy what the boy admir'd,
If leaving these superior aims ye try
In every vice with every fool to vie,
Each fair advantage fortune gives forego
To wage unequal conflict with the foe,
Say can the gazing croud be justly blam'd
Who pay to Wealth the deference Honor claim'd,
When sickly folly taints that generous worth
Which heighten'd grandeur and ennobled birth?

Your happier purpose be it to restore
The fame that waited BRITAIN'S Lords of yore,
Ere true Nobility's unblemish'd shape
Was chang'd for ~~mean~~ners every knave can ape,
Yours be it Freedom's empire to support
No Faction's slaves, no flatterers of a Court.

Watch

Watch with keen eye the encroachments of the
throne,

But guard it's rights for they protect your own.

Fly not, discharg'd each due of public care,

To breathe soft Diffipation's summer air,

Where Pleasure's hand prepares the popped
draught,

To drown reflection, and to deaden thought.

No, rather joy the shouting train to meet

Who hail the lord of each paternal seat;

Where your wide forests spread parental shade

View the gay scenes of rural taste display'd;

Let Hospitality's warm hand await

To court the stranger to the friendly gate;

Enforce with steady zeal your Country's laws,

To Justice true, and firm in Virtue's cause;

Curb Vice licentious in her mad career,

And teach oppressive Arrogance to fear;

Redress

Redress when injur'd Merit heaves the sigh,
 And wipe the tear from pale Affliction's eye:
 So shall your fame with purer honor live
 Than wealth, than faction, or than rank can give,
 While these best titles on each name attend,
 The bad man's terror, and the poor man's friend.

Long may ye mock in this secure defence
 The vain attempts of wealthy Insolence:
 No more shall sense by rudeness be debas'd,
 Or Fortune's lavish minions vitiate taste;
 Her stores profuse no more shall Commerce fling,
 But brood o'er Industry with fostering wing;
 While your examples teach her wiser train
 To use with prudence, what by care they gain.

And you ye fair! forgive the honest lay
 That even your slightest errors dares display,

Nor think satiric rage my arm can move
To wound like DIOMED the QUEEN of LOVE,
Though I presume to point the fated hour,
Mark'd with the symptoms of your fading power,
And mourn that all those arts which life refine,
Rais'd by your sway, shall with your sway decline:
Oft by the youth neglected now ye stand
Nor meet Attention's fond assiduous hand:
O be it yours to check with just disdain;
This mark of selfish Luxury's domain,
Ah! leave that thirst of riot's endless joy
Whose constant round your empire must destroy:
Beauties from scene to scene that restless fly
Lose all their force; and sate the public eye;
The midnight revel early age o'erthrows,
And the wan cheek the native rose forsakes;
Light Affectation too intent to please
Disfigures more than time or pale disease;

And

PART III. OF REFINEMENT. 211

And tyrant Fashion with PROCRUSTES' arm
Shapes to it's wild caprice each tortur'd charm.
For Love's! for Virtue's sake! ah lay aside
The undaunted forehead, and the martial stride!
Again the garb of female softness wear,
And quit the fierceness of the Grenadier:
For can the ornaments your cares combine
When all the toilet's rich materials shine,
Match blushing Modesty's transparent red
O'er the warm cheek in sweet suffusion spread,
Or like the downcast eye's mild lustre move,
Whose lid veils Meekness and whose glance is
Love?

In fabled times by IDA's lofty wood,
When rival Goddesses contending stood,
Though JUNO conscious of her awful mien
March'd with the state of Jove's imperious
Queen,

Though PALLAS deck'd her Amazonian charms
 In the refulgent glare of radiant arms,
 Yet Love prevail'd in CYTHEREA'S eyes,
 And falling Beauty gain'd the golden prize.

From ALBION far may heaven's benign decrees
 Avert the storms my anxious mind foresees:
 Still may she shine with pure REFINEMENT'S grace
 Secure on Virtue's adamantine base;
 Prosperous awhile though private Vice may stand,
 No miracle can save a vicious land;
 In life's calm paths though fortune oft dispense
 Success to Guilt, and pain to Innocence.
 Whence Faith with strengthen'd eye beyond the
 tomb
 Sees the dread hour of Justice yet to come,
 On public crimes must early vengeance wait,
 And speedy ruin wrap an impious state,

Since

PART III. OF REFINEMENT.

213

Since from the offence the sure correction springs,
And her own scourge abandon'd Folly brings.

But let not man attempt with bounded skill
To search the depths of Heaven's eternal will,
Inspect the rolls of fate with fruitless care,
And read the future doom of empires there.
Enough, her eye as cool Reflection throws
O'er all the scenes these lengthen'd lays disclose,
To mark each prospect as they move along,
And draw these moral maxims from the song:
That though REFINEMENT know with temperate
ray

To wake each bloom of Merit into day,
Urg'd to excess her heighten'd powers destroy
The expanding bud, and blast each promis'd joy,
As storms and sultry gleams o'ercome the flower
Rais'd by the genial sun, and gentle shower.

That Education, while her careful art
Clears from each baneful Prejudice the heart
Must cherish inborn Glory's generous aim,
The source of rising Worth, and future Fame.
That above all, on each ingenuous breast
Be with strong force this sacred Truth impress'd;
No polish'd Manners rival Virtue's price,
No savage Ignorance disgusts like Vice.

THE
ART OF WAR.

P O E M,

IN SIX BOOKS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

—MARES ANIMOS IN MARTIA BELLA
VERSIBUS EXACUIT— MORACE.

W. O. L. A.

O. S.

RECORDS OF THE

OFFICE OF THE

STATE ARCHIVES

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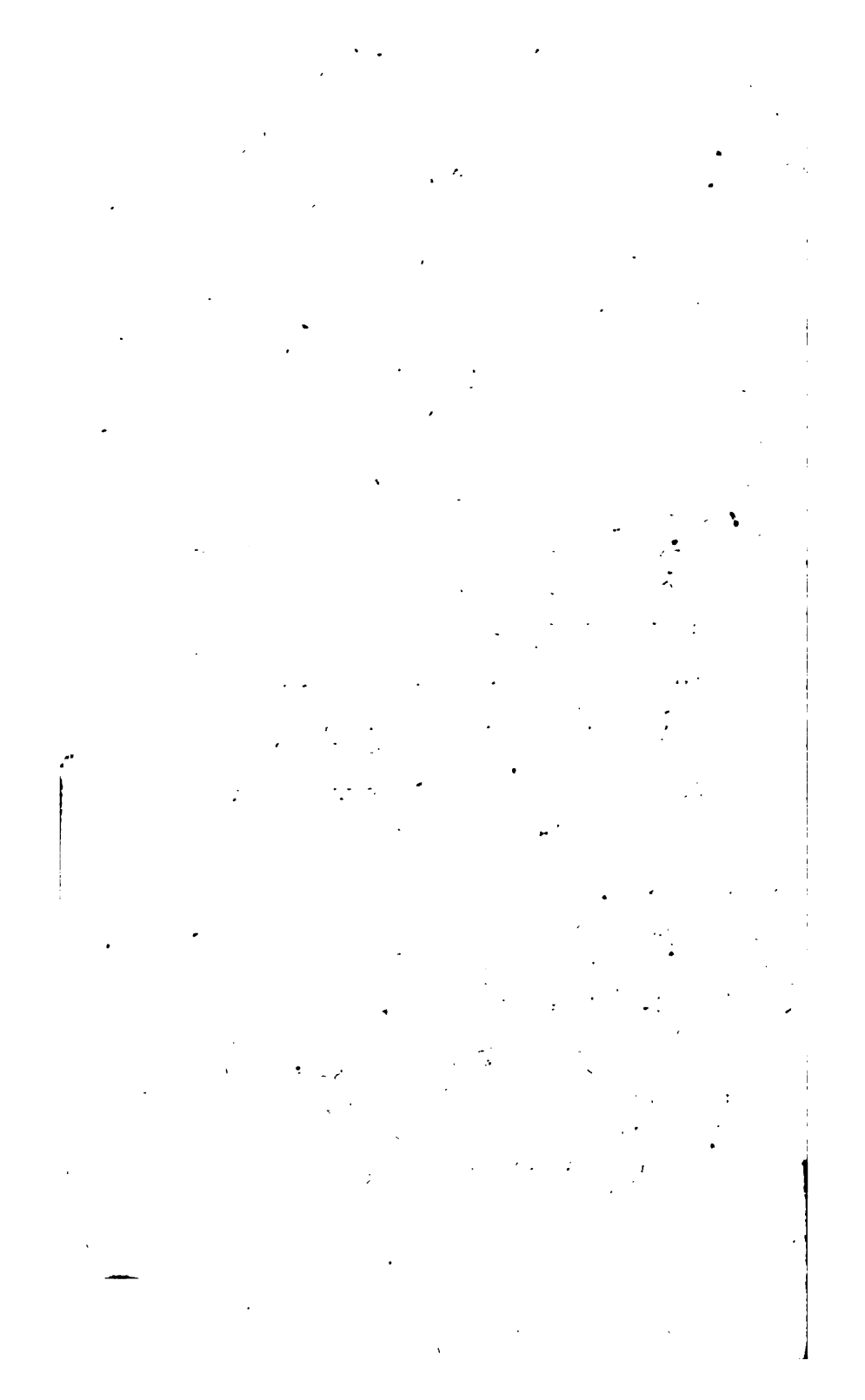
OFFICE OF THE

TO THE HONORABLE
WILLIAM KEPPEL,
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF HIS
MAJESTY'S FORCES,

THIS
P O E M,

TRANSLATED BY AN OFFICER AT HIS LEISURE HOURS,
WHILE ENCAMPED UNDER HIS COMMAND
AT COXHEATH,
IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND
SEVENTY-EIGHT,

I S,
WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT,
ESTEEM, AND REGARD,
DEDICATED.



P R E F A C E.

THE striking difference which distinguishes the manners of the present times from those of antiquity, is in no respect more conspicuous than in the separation of the active from the speculative part of mankind. In ancient Greece and Rome, the Soldier and the fine Writer were frequently united in the same person, and the names of Xenophon and Cæsar are equally revered by the Warrior and the Scholar. But among the moderns, (from what cause it is not now my business to investigate,) Learning has been chiefly confined to a set of men entirely devoted to study and meditation; while those who have engaged in the more active scenes of life have rarely cultivated it sufficiently to distinguish themselves by any elaborate or elegant composition. Most of the Treatises, even on Military affairs, rather resemble the harangue of the Sophist before Hannibal, than the retreat of the Ten Thousand, or the Commentaries of Cæsar; and the few

few works that we have, written by great Generals are neither remarkable for the clearness of the style, nor the connexion of the precepts.

But the following P O E M, which now makes it's first appearance in an English dress, is the product of a Prince, who to a Military Genius in every respect equal to the first Heroes of antiquity, has united the Eloquence of the Historian, and the Fancy of the Poet; and while The Memoirs for the History of the House of Brandenburg, shew a manliness of style and accuracy of Political Judgment, worthy the pen of a Monarch, his Epistles discover an insight into the manners and characters of mankind one would almost think impossible to be acquired by a person in his exalted station.

The Poem on THE ART OF WAR is a singular curiosity, and contains what has never been attempted before, Precepts of real use to the Military World, dictated by the first General of the age, in elegant language, and adorned with the embellishments of a lively fancy.

I am perfectly sensible that there is greater difficulty in translating with applause from a language so universally known as the French, than from

either of the learned languages, as for one who is qualified to criticise in the last, there are twenty in the former. I confess I have frequently deviated from the letter of the Royal Poet, but I hope I have every where faithfully preserved his Spirit and Sentiments; and I trust a lively portrait drawn with a free Pencil, will give a more striking resemblance than tracing over the actual lines with the care and constraint of mathematical precision; as those likenesses which are taken from the shadow, may indeed shew us the exact shape and outline of the face, but are totally destitute of expression, coloring, and relief.

This Translation was the amusement of some of the many leisure hours that necessarily must fall to the lot of every one in a Camp not of actual service, though under the command of a General, whose strict attention to the discipline of the Regiments entrusted to his care, and whose unremitting diligence in forming the Militia Corps, will be gratefully remembered by every Officer and Soldier of that establishment who wished to acquire a knowledge of the Military Profession, and not to lounge away a few months in idleness, debauchery, and dissipation. I do not mean this as an apology for any defects in the Translation; for as I had ample time to write, so I had to correct.

rect. I do not presume therefore to plead either negligence or inattention in excuse for it's faults, but if they should not be found too many, I flatter myself that such a Poem, at a time when the whole Nation seems to have taken a Military turn, will not be unacceptable to the candid Public.

Sent

Sent with the Second Edition of the Poem to his
MAJESTY the KING of PRUSSIA.

IMPERIAL Bard! if while my humble strain
Thy precepts sung to ALBION's warlike train,
Her critic ear approving caught the sound,
And favoring smiles my finish'd labor crown'd,
Her plaudits to thy glowing verse belong
But faintly imaged in my ruder song.
Then as the MUSE to thee assiduous pays
This honest tribute of BRITANNIA's praise,
Though FAME has cull'd from PHŒBUS' sacred tree
The Poet's and the Victor's wreath for thee,
And History shall twine around thy brow
Eternal crowns of her unfading bough,
Forgive the officious zeal that interweaves
This transient blossom with thy Laurel Leaves.

HENRY JAMES PYE.

LETTER from Le COMTE LUSI to
LORD BARRINGTON.

MILORD!

J'AI fait parvenir à Potsdam la traduction de Monsieur Pye, du Poëme de l'Art de Guerre, et je puis avoir l'honneur de vous dire Milord, que quoique la modestie de sa Majesté ait trouvé à redire au choix du Traducteur, Elle a cependant fort agréé cette marque publique et particulière du cas que le Poëte a fait de son ouvrage et m'a chargé de lui passer ses remerciemens. Sa Majesté regrette beaucoup de ne pas posséder assez d'Anglois pour s'entendre parler le langage énergique des Popes et des Miltons, et Elle est bien persuadée qu'un Ecrivain, tel que Monsieur Pye qui fait unir la culture des Muses au milieu des armes, ne peut qu'avoir rendu avec toute l'elegance et l'exacritude possible un Poëme sur l'Art de Guerre.

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec la considération
la plus distinguée,

MILORD,

Votre très humble et très obeissant Serviteur,

L U S I.

Londres, 25 May, 1784.

THE
ART OF WAR.

B O O K I.

ILLUSTRIOUS Prince mark'd out by partial Fate

To bear the burthen, and the pomp of state,
To reign of spacious realms the future lord,
To lift the balance, and to wield the sword,
O hear a Soldier train'd to War's alarms,
Inur'd to danger, and grown old in arms,
With voice experienced shew the thorny road
Which leads through scenes of blood to Fame's
abode.

Nor arms, nor fleets, nor numerous troops,
alone

Sustain the honor of the monarch's throne;
Their use acquire, and every Art that leads
The Warrior's skilful arm to glorious deeds;
My Muse shall here the various portrait trace,
And point the virtues which the Hero grace;
His talents gain'd by toil, his mind serene,
His active courage, and his foresight keen,
Whose powers united in the Warrior's heart
O'erleap the bounded limits of his art.

Yet think me not, malignant bard, inclin'd
To sound pale Discord's clarion to mankind,
That dazzled by false Glory's dangerous fire
I seek Ambition's fury to inspire,
Or wish to see your savage vengeance, hurl'd
With frantic boldness o'er a ravag'd world;

O may my Hero boast the honest fame
 That waits AURELIUS', TITUS', TRAJAN's name;
 Then shine with noblest light triumphant kings,
 When Virtue owns the crown that Valor brings,
 Droops every trophy, withers every wreath,
 That fell Injustice blasts with poisonous breath!

O lovely Peace! and thou thrice happy power,
 Whose hands on PRUSSIA's realm each blessing
 Shower,

Far from our fields and tranquil seats, be driven
 A Victor King, the heaviest scourge of Heaven!
 Could my low voice reach Heaven's eternal throne,
 Still should our fields thy blissful influence own,
 Still should the labourer in our happy plains
 Securely reap the produce of his pains,
 And watchful THEMIS with impartial law
 Protect the guiltless, and the vicious awe,

Our vessels give their canvas to the breeze,
And fear no dangers but from stormy seas,
And PALLAS o'er our peaceful throne preside,
Her ægis guard us, and her wisdom guide ;
But should some neighbouring power with causeless
hate

Disturb our quiet, and invade the state,
Ye kings ! ye people ! rouse to War's alarms,
And Heaven shall aid their cause whom Justice arms.

Fierce God of War ! to thee I tune the lay,
Direct my steps, and point the arduous way,
And you, AONIAN maids, assist my choice,
To gentle accents melt my rougher voice,
Temper with softer strains my warlike fire,
And tune my trumpet to your peaceful lyre !
My daring mind would paths unusual trace,
And on PARNASSUS' heights VICTORIA place,

While on the forehead of the DELIAN god,
Shall gleam the helmet, and the plumage nod.
My hand nor paints fair VENUS' amorous wiles,
Her wanton blushes, and her witching smiles,
Nor shews the hero's limbs inglorious laid
On fragrant roses 'neath the myrtle's shade;
Let PONTUS' bard sing CUPID's filken sway,
While listening Graces love the tender lay,
My martial pen more horrid forms designs,
Stern VULCAN working 'midst ÆTNE'AN mines,
Where ponderous blows with dreadful art prepare
Those fell machines, the Thunderbolts of War,
Whose force, when skilful hands their power
employ,
O'erturn the bulwark, and the town destroy,
Drive fighting legions to the realms of death,
And rule the fate of empires with their breath.

I'll paint the cruel arm from BAYONNE nam'd,
Where savage art a new destruction fram'd,
Their powers combin'd where fire and steel impart,
And point a double wound at every heart.

Amidst the ranks, while death and carnage reign,
Calm moves the hero o'er the crimson plain,
Commands fresh troops the dubious fight to wage,
And shows the fatal tempest where to rage.

But ere I open to the youthful heart
These parts sublime, the mysteries of the art,
First shall my precepts to the pupil's fight
Unfold the easier maxims of the fight:
So, ere the eaglets try the realms of air,
The parent's wings her callow offspring bear,
Till bold by use, aloft they proudly rise,
And sail with dauntless pinion through the skies.

Ye warrior youths, impatient now to tread
 The dangerous path of Fate, by Honor led !
 Torn from a weeping mother's folding arms,
 Untried in Fight, and new to War's alarms,
 Think not with novice hand to seize renown,
 Or pluck from Victory's brow th' eternal crown ;
 Disdain not first to learn with ceaseless care,
 Each nice detail, the Elements of War ;
 To forms of art your docile bodies yield,
 With ready arm the weighty firelock wield ;
 Firm in your ranks in death-like silence stand,
 And wait with watchful eye your chief's command ;
 Quick at the word, in equal motions all,
 Place in the threatening tube the murderous ball ;
 With steady footsteps wedg'd in close array,
 Your ranks unfloating, rapid rush away ;
 Now halting, to the allotted time attend,
 While by platoons unnumber'd deaths you send ;

Calmly, though swift, (false haste will still retard,)

March to the post your duty bids you guard,

Attend each signal of your leader's hand,

Who knows not to obey will ne'er command ;

With courage thus 'neath valiant BADEN's care,

Pafs'd FINCK the hard apprenticeship of War.

When train'd for fight the embattled cohorts
stand,

The meanest soldier helps to form the band ;

These are the limbs, and Discipline the soul

Pervades, informs, and regulates the whole.

So that VERSAILLES her silver streams may play

In watry columns to the face of day,

MARLY's strong engines fram'd by nicest skill,

Make SEINE's subjected waves obey their will ;

Ten thousand various wheels, and pumps unseen,

With blended powers compose the vast machine,

Each

Each movement to the whole assistance lends,
Cord waits on cord, and wheel on wheel depends,
Fail but one rope, one pulley move no more,
The frame's disorder'd, and the scene is o'er.
Thus in the host which glory leads to fame,
Should docile courage every breast inflame;
Valor that leaps o'er order's sacred bound
Is often dangerous, always useless found,
Movements uncertain, rashly quick, or slow,
May blast the laurels budding on your brow.

Deem not the nice details of duty vain,
They're the first steps that lead to Victory's fane;
By service taught, and train'd in valor's school,
Soldier yourself, you'll soldiers learn to rule;
Form'd by degrees by Wisdom's careful hand
The prudent leader of a valiant band,

Your

Your steady thoughts will o'er its ranks preside,
It's daring march with temper'd ardor guide,
Teach it the various forms of fight to know,
And send unerring slaughter on the foe.

Rang'd in three ranks fair PRUSSIA's hardy race
With dauntless front the adverse legions face;
With deeper files their foes, though brave, in vain
Oppose their ardor, and dispute the plain,
Advance with equal pace the close-wedg'd line,
Let in the front the dreadful bayonet shine,
Attack with ardor, and reserve your fire,
So shall the astonish'd foe at once retire.

Your wasted troops must be supplied with care,
Mown down by slaughter in the field of War;
Chuse manly youths with sinews firm and strong
To share the glories of your veteran throng:

MARS

MARS loves the swain whose well-knit limbs can take
 The heaviest burthens, nor his ranks forsake,
 While feeble frames, by labor worn, and pain,
 Shall sink beneath the weight of one campaign.
 So proudly waying o'er the mountain's brow,
 Braves the tough oak the whirlwinds as they blow,
 While by it's sturdy side the wintry blast
 Lays with it's rage the slender pine-tree waste.
 Thus shall new levies fill your daring train,
 Strong as the shaggy brood of LIBYA's plain.

If to renown your daring hopes aspire,
 Of various troops the different use acquire.
 To arms with which THESSALIA's heroes fought,
 Join what their foes the active CENTAURS taught;
 Let a new PLUVINEL * your couriers train,
 To bear the foldier, and obey the rein,

* An eminent Riding-master.

O'er the wide trench with active limbs to bound,
To pass the rivulet, and to leap the mound.
On your strong beast the weighty cuirass wear,
And let your brows the galling helmet bear,
Learn with exactest art the sword to wield,
For oft rude force to active skill must yield ;
This ready weapon gleaming in the hand
Shall terrify or break the hostile band,
Deal with resistless force it's deaths around,
While MARS approving smiles on ev'ry wound ;
But from the snorting steed, the uncertain fire,
Breaks your own ranks, nor makes the foe retire.

Teach your brave squadrons to perform with
care

The various forms of fight, and modes of War,
To halt at once, to wheel in close array,
Nor from their neighbouring troops to break away :

Let

Let some experienced chief with careful art,
 Speed join'd with order, to your line impart;
 Teach it on every ground with ease to form;
 Swift as the lightning, dreadful as the storm,
 Shew it at once from pace sedate and flow,
 To rush impetuous on the wond'ring foe;
 To drive the adverse troops to rapid flight,
 And sweep contending armies from the fight.

First bloom'd the laurel bough on GRECIA's foil,
 Stern SPARTA taught the Warrior's generous toil,
 While THEBES the close compacted fight begun,
 And bade her phalanx glitter in the sun.

Illustrious chiefs of GREECE! your sage command
 To heroes rais'd the meanest of your band;
 Your skill the want of numerous hosts supplied,
 And temperate Valor vanquish'd PERSIAN Pride,
 While

While MARATHON and SALAMIS proclaim
To ages yet unborn the GRECIAN name.
Wondering, the MACEDONIAN Prince behold,
Proud of his friends, and lavish of his gold,
Wealthy in hopes, of warlike Virtue vain,
He fights, he conquers PERSIA's trembling train;
Astonish'd ASIA shrinks beneath the blow,
And yields her riches to the approaching foe,
While by EUPHRATES' stream his phalanx flood,
GRANICUS' waves, and GANGES' distant flood.

At length stern MAVORS from the eastern shore,
To ROME's proud walls his bloody banners
bore;

A warrior nation frantic for alarms
Learn'd from the God himself the use of arms;
They dare their martial neighbours to the field,
And force opposing destiny to yield;

ITALIA'S

ITALIA's states their growing power obey,
Bend to their mandates, and increase their sway :
By deeds like these their eagle used to soar,
Now stretch'd her pinions to each distant shore ;
ROME 'gainst her foes their Arts improving turns,
And from each war new means of Victory learns ;
Her strengthen'd camps all hostile inroads brave,
And DANUBE trembled from his farthest wave.
Triumphant thus, her conquering bands subdued
IBERIA's swains, GERMANIA's hardy brood ;
The painted sons of BRITAIN's sea-girt shore
Lament their savage independence o'er ;
The GRECIAN Arts, the PUNIC Wiles were
vain,
And PONTUS' Chiefs, and GALLIA's giant Train,
And all a vanquish'd World confess'd her bound-
less reign.

But

But when that Discipline, whose copious
source

Supplied their legions with resistless force,
Beneath their later CÆSARS 'gan to fade,
A thousand barbarous hosts their realms invade,
More ruffian rage than warrior art employ,
Each province ravage, and each town destroy,
Till nodding to her fall, the ruin'd state
Her ancient laws neglected mourns too late.

Now long the glorious Art unheeded lay,
Till * CHARLES victorious call'd it into day:
The nations trembling at his warlike reign,
Beheld the unconquer'd infantry of SPAIN
Reduced by ceaseless care to order's law,
But doom'd to perish in thy fields, ROCROI.

* The Emperor Charles V.

Burfting

Bursting those bands which long her sons had
 chain'd,
 Arous'd by vengeance, and by MAURICE train'd,
 BATAVIA bravely curb'd despotic sway,
 And freedom gain'd by learning to obey;
 By this illustrious Chief's example fir'd,
 The brave TURENNE to glory's heights aspir'd;
 While, patroniz'd by LEWIS' prudent view,
 GALLIA from him the Hero's Science drew,
 And the bold Warrior bow'd his stubborn heart
 To the strict rules of Discipline and Art.
 Mean while EUGENE, the favorite son of MARS,
 Form'd for the fight, and doom'd in future wars
 To stand firm bulwark of the imperial throne,
 Pass'd in his court unnotic'd and unknown.
 From him DESSAW, then new to War's alarms,
 First learn'd the toilsome rudiments of Arms:

Thus the same powers on AUSTRIA's realms who
wait,

Became the guardians of the PRUSSIAN state.

Mark how in every age this Art alone
Has fix'd the monarch, and maintain'd his throne ;
If of this wonderous pile that mates the skies,
On Discipline the first foundations rise,
Let in your mind it's vast importance live,
Which sage experience knows alone to give ;
Woe to the Novice who with frantic heart
Shall think, untaught, to try this dangerous Art.
Thus PHAETON, while headstrong passions fire,
Obtains the burning chariot from his fire,
His hands had ne'er the fiery courfers driven,
Nor knew his eyes the devious paths of Heaven ;
He seiz'd the reins, his horses start away,
O'er all the ethereal plains at will they stray,

Till

Till struck the impetuous youth by thunder's force,
The hissing waves receive his blacken'd corse!

Rash youths be warn'd! the dangerous frenzy
Shun,

Nor tempt the timeless fate of PHAETON:

A ruin'd land shall mourn his hapless Wars

Who guides too soon the fiery steeds of MARS.

11

12

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THE
A R T O F W A R.

B O O K II.

WHEN fatal Discord from the realms of
night,

Wings to this bleeding world her baleful flight,

Wakes with infernal cries her serpent brood,

Sheds through the troubled air a fiery flood,

And bids invidious rage and fury dart

Their rankling poisons through each monarch's
heart,

Justice and Peace from mortal councils driven,

Forfake the earth, and seek their native Heaven ;

R 3

Remorseless

Remorseless Vengeance every nation guides,
And brutal force in THEMIS' seat presides;
Sate with blood, yet thirsting still for more,
Proud of her first success, with savage roar,
The monster urges to the dangerous plain
Destructive War, and all her hellish train.

Then shine around the opening stores of MARS,
The ramparts guarded threaten future Wars;
On every anvil new-form'd weapons gleam,
And loads the darken'd sky a sulphurous steam;
The spacious cities, whilom seats of ease,
With pleasure gay, and every art of peace,
Now swarm with crowding troops and glittering
arms,
All look destruction, and all breathe alarms,
While the shrill clarion chides the winter's day,
Whose tedious hours the promis'd War delay.

The

The season form'd to fan more pleasing fires,
 Parent of blooming hopes and young desires,
 When smiling Graces every flower combine,
 The blooming wreaths of Love and Peace to
 twine,
 Tempts only now to scenes of blood and death
 The daring Warrior urg'd by Glory's breath.

Soft floats the air, and pours the melting snow
 In silver torrents from the mountain's brow ;
 O'er the fair vales the crystal currents glide,
 And smiling herbage waits on every tide ;
 Verdant with rising corn the hills appear,
 And laughing FLORA decks the vernal year ;
 The warrior bands with vengeful arms supplied,
 The fatal ministers of regal pride,
 For glory eager, and of courage proud,
 With wings of speed to Honor's standard croud ;

For the warm roof the tent it's covering spreads;—
The approaching War each trembling neighbour
dreads;

The affrighted hind reluctant quits the foil,
And strangers reap the produce of his toil.

Now on the destin'd spot the martial train
Drawn up in dread array possess the plain;
The full battalions on the appointed place,
With ready hands the growing city trace;
Here stretch the streets, and there the palace
gate

Spreads to receive the guardians of the state;
Without or wood, or stone, with skilful hands
By soldiers rear'd, the canvas city stands;
Who, as the War requires, with ease pull down,
Bear off, and raise anew, the moving town.

It asks no vulgar mind, or trifling care,
To chuse the station and the Camp prepare :
Your troops in certain safety would you place,
The different ground with skill and prudence
trace :

Here craggy mountains seem to pierce the sky,
There narrow dells and spacious champains lie ;
Each, as occasion points or chance directs,
Assists your purpose, and your Camp protects ;
On these selected well, and fix'd with care,
Depends the fortune of th' approaching War.

The hardy troops whose steady march you lead,
The substance form of War, yourself the head ;
Since from your thoughts their ev'ry motion flows,
And while they rest, and watch o'er their repose ;
To you each look the ardent warriors send,
Wait on your words, and on your skill depend ;

With

With ceaseless care their confidence retain,
Nor let the Soldier trust your power in vain.

Does your bold heart in bloody fields delight,
Resolv'd to try the dubious chance of fight?
Chuse for your daring Camp the extended field,
Whose space shall room for every movement yield;
Small troops advanc'd before your army send,
Let woods, and rivers near, your Post defend:
Protect the neighbouring towns with watchful eye,
Whose plenteous marts your valiant troops supply;
Let your brave bands at equal distance drawn,
Rang'd in two lines, divide the verdant lawn;
Your foot the centre guard with steady ranks,
While your new-form'd dragoons protect the
flanks;

The infantry with firm resistless force
Your body make, your arms the rapid horse.

Uncrouded

Uncrouded squadrons there their files extend,
 Active to charge, or ready to defend;
 But in it's proper place each corps employ,
 Or ground unfit will all their power destroy.
 Mounted on fiery steeds, the Centaur train,
 Who rush like lightning o'er the level plain,
 Where swells in craggy heights the uneven ground,
 Or gloomy forests spread, are useless found,
 While the brave foot in all alike remain,
 The wood, the marsh, the mountain, or the plain,
 March o'er the extended field, or hollow dale,
 Climb the steep cliff, the strong entrenchment scale,
 Ready with equal vantage to engage,
 Where'er the doubtful battle chance to rage.
 As when in spring, the clouds together driven,
 With scowling vapours blot the face of Heaven,
 And thunder, wind, and rain, with stormy blast,
 Lay the green hopes of future harvests waste;

So with their heavy fire in close array,
They ruin pour on all who check their way.

If to your breast her aid discretion lend,
Your army's flanks with strictest care defend;
A friendly village, an impervious wood,
A deep morass, or silver-winding flood,
Shall every weaker part from fear protect,
And teach the foe such ramparts to respect.

The bull provok'd, with horns protended stands,
Runs on his foe, and spurns with rage the sands,
With ready front each bold attack receives,
Nor to the assault his side defenceless leaves.
The important precept fix within your heart,
The prudent chief conceals each weaker part;
Secure from wounds, save in the unguarded heel,
The GRECIAN hero mock'd the force of steel;

Such

Such are your flanks, protect them from the foe,
Nor rashly tempt like him a mortal blow.

By adverse fortune if your schemes are cross'd,
While growing numbers swell the opposing host,
To your thin ranks let Art her succour lend,
Let Nature's works your strengthen'd Camp
defend ;

Place your battalions on the mountain's brow,
'Midst gloomy woods, or where rude torrents
flow,

Nor this enough ; some passage unexplor'd
Should from your post a safe retreat afford ;
Free to retire, or ready to advance,
Then shall you scorn the shifting power of chance,
O'ercome by talents while your foes remain
To waste with useless rage their force in vain.

Learn

Learn in the field of MARS with prudent care,
To range your bands in every form of War;
With fire your line sustain, between the space
Of different corps, your thundering engines place,
Whose brazen wombs with dreadful flash impart
Despair and terror to the assailant's heart.

Behind these fierce volcanos let your band
Of cuirass'd horse in dreadful order stand:
If fire and steel their force in vain combine,
But still your foes advance and pierce your line,
Swift to your eager squadrons give the word,
And let them bathe in blood each shining sword.

Thus to the experienced leader's sage command
It's ready aid affords the docile land,
Still offers safety to his eagle fight,
And wisdom fixes fortune's transient flight.

Valor's a common gift, but Prudence rare,

VARRO the daring Soldier's praise may share.

But the form'd Hero shines in FABIVS' care.

As where aloft the cliffs of ATHOS rise,

And rush with azure summits to the skies,

In vain the embattled tempest pours from far,

Against his sides the elemental War,

Smiles 'midst an air serene his lofty brow,

And mocks the thunder as it roars below;

So the cool chief despising fortune's frown,

Looks from his well-fenc'd Camp undaunted down,

Beholds his foe in useless schemes engage,

And waste in vain attempts his fruitless rage.

If Genius in your breast has fix'd her throne,

And MARS propitious mark'd you for his own,

Whatever ground your legions tread, you'll find.

Castles, and forts, by nature's hand design'd;

Folly

Folly may see, but Wisdom's happy skill . . .
Turns each obedient to the Warrior's will. . .

Thus SPARTA's hero in that glorious day,
When XERXES' millions forced at length their way,
Oppos'd his scanty troops with daring force,
To stop of PERSIA's sons the unskilful course,
And GRECIA's arms, in many a conflict tried,
Check'd for a while the MEDIAN Tyrant's pride.

Thus, when the imperial conflict warring o'er
From ITALY to pale EPIRUS' shore,
The senate's darling champion rush'd to join
The mighty hero of the JULIAN line;
DYRRACHIUM's mountains well your guarded straits
Had turn'd to POMPEY's side the doubting fates,
For on your heights the chief secure had stood,
And worn the victor wreath unsoil'd with blood;

But

But ROME's luxurious youth inflam'd with rage,
Of toil impatient, panting to engage,
Forced him to quit his post's impervious aid,—
The error MARS with tenfold vengeance paid,
And for the fault of one unguarded hour,
Gave up the vanquish'd world to CÆSAR's power.

O * thou whose skill could like the ROMAN's
shine!

Shield of the empire, guardian of the RHINE!
Whose well-fenced Camps could give to fortune
law,

Command success, and keep TURENNE in awe,
Say, shall my Muse forget thy glorious name?—
Let MARS assist me while I chant thy fame!
Ye youthful Warriors, mark the great campaign,
Whose conduct guarded fair GERMANIA's plain,

* Montecuculli.

Admire each scene, each field with wonder view,
 Survey his Camps, his rapid march pursue,
 See his strong posts the fire of GALLIA brave,
 Refrain her ardor, and his country save.

Think not his force unmov'd he kept, nor deem
 Though the large Camp a spacious city seem,
 That War no sudden change requires, but learn
 To watch the subtle foe at every turn;
 With movement quick the former ground forsake,
 Prevent his march, and each advantage take,
 Safely retire, advance with rapid course,
 And still by new attempts employ his force.

When to decamp the General gives command,
 In lengthen'd column moves each separate band,
 Four different corps they form, the ready horse,
 On either flank protect the army's course;

While in the centre, rang'd in long array,
 The steady foot pursue their toilsome way :
 The distant foe who views the warrior train
 Wind o'er in deepen'd files the spacious plain,
 As glides the serpent arm'd with glittering scales,
 In shining volumes o'er the LIBYAN vales,
 The dreadful scene surveys with wild affright,
 While slaughter leads the van, and claims the fight.

When form'd for War, your legions cross the
 plain,

Would you the smiles of fierce BELLONA gain,
 Before your front advanced, strong parties send,
 Sustain their ardor, and their force defend ;
 These like the fiery cloud whose chearing light
 Through the drear wild conducted ISRAEL'S flight,
 Mid scenes unknown shall guide your watchful eyes,
 And guard your doubtful march from quick surprize.

But should of fatal War the uncertain chance
Demand to right, or left, a swift advance,
March by your flanks embattled on the plain,
While parallel your equal lines remain.

To adverse fate must victors sometimes yield,
TURENNE has fail'd, and CONDE' lost the field;
When forced the day to stronger arms to leave,
Still may the subtle chief his foes deceive,
Applauding worlds his merit shall admire,
Who knows without confusion to retire.
First march your baggage off to safeguards near,
While a bold train protects the lagging rear,
And, while the light-arm'd foot the mountains
scale,
Secure the heavier forces pass the vale,
Till freed from danger of insulting foes,
Glorious, yet safe, the harrafs'd troops repose.

O'er

O'er fair GERMANIA's hills, with ceaseless haste,
 And thorny forests VARUS heedless past,
 His troops neglecting, headstrong, rash, and vain,
 Marching uniform'd, encamping on the plain,
 Till 'mid rude dells, and craggy mountains lost,
 ARMINIUS' schemes destroy'd his wilder'd host;
 AUGUSTUS' tears their cruel fate deplore,
 VARUS, he cries, my slaughter'd troops restore!—
 With wiser counsel, and more helpful care,
 He should have cried, imprudent chief beware!
 To seize the mountains heights thy power employ,
 Nor let a barbarous host my troops destroy.

The ART of WAR which Empire's sway extends,
 On these first principles alone depends;
 In advantageous posts your Camps prepare,
 Advance with caution, and retire with care

Ye Warrior Chiefs who o'er our troops preside,
Learn from my verse your various parts to guide,
Let Practice prove what Theory has shewn;
And would ye fit on Glory's envied throne,
Your Camp like FABIVS form, secure and flow,
And learn your Marches from his PUNIC foe.

THE
A R T of W A R.

B O O K. III.

YOUR footsteps now the arsenals have trod
 Where lie the treasures of the warrior God;
 Yet 'midst his ranks to serve is little fame,
 Little avails the foldier's ardent flame,
 Unless to all the heights of art you climb,
 And reach of martial skill the true sublime.

Come to his Temple! lo to you reveal'd
 Each mystic rite from common eyes conceal'd,
 Far from those paths where creep the vulgar train
 March boldly on, and seek the inmost fane.

Deep sink the threatening gulphs on either
side,

And the rude path with heroes blood is dy'd,
Firm on a crimson rock, with murky cloud
Enwrap'd; the palace rears her turrets proud
Above the sun amidst the empyreal skies,
Sublime her glittering pinacles arise;
While her foundations sinking deep, remain
On STYGIAN shores, and PLUTO's drear domain.

Pale Discord, cruel Death, the Fury band,
Who of these seats eternal guardians stand,
In vain on you their savage aspects turn,
While in your breast the flames of Glory burn,
Glory shall ope the founding portals wide,
Conduct your steps, and place you by her side.
Beneath the porch enrich'd with burnish'd gold,
Tuning their silver lyres the Nine behold:

First

First 'mid their number see URANIA stand,
 The pictur'd globe, and compass in her hand,
 On whose smooth surface drawn with mimic line,
 Appear what realms to form the world combine;
 Through all the extent her skilful fingers trace
 Each different state, it's order, and it's place;
 Exact VAUBAN, and learned SANSON there,
 The warrior's guides, her favorite sons appear,
 They point the plains extent, the city's force,
 The mountain's summit, and the river's course,
 The strength or weakness of the fort display,
 And guide through paths unseen the warrior's
 way.

But who is that by Glory's side who sings
 The various fate of warriors, and of kings?
 CALLIOPE! the listening youth around
 Catch from her dulcet breath the enlivening sound,
 And

And equal skill the attentive Pupil draws
From Error's censure, and from Worth's applause.

MORALITY with form majestic see
Keeping the approach from minds presumptuous
free,

Her voice severe those chiefs alone approves
Whom Merit dignifies, and Virtue loves,
Bids Cruelty and Avarice fly afar,
And teaches pity 'mid the rage of War,
Hates Envy's snakes, and crowns with Glory's
meed

Their brows alone who for their country bleed,

Approach! BELLONA's armed hands discern
On the strong hinge the brazen portal turn,
Which from the vulgar eye those mysteries hide,
Shewn to the favorite train who grace her side.

Deep

Deep in the Temple's ile with splendor graced,
 On a proud throne's majestic purple placed,
 Which Genius on her spreading pinions bears,
 In all his pomp the dreadful God appears :
 Close by his side intrepid VALOR stands,
 And PRUDENCE, calm amidst contending bands,
 LABOR whose wakeful eyelids never close,
 And GUILE who round her looks malignant throws,
 Who as occasion suits at will appears,
 And PROTEUS-like a thousand figures wears ;
 IMAGINATION, in whose eye confels'd
 Beams the rich fire that animates her breast,
 Where swift a thousand brilliant projects move,
 Which wise MINERVA's critic rules approve.
 With downcast looks and deep mysterious mien,
 Lo ! SECRESY compleats the mingled scene,
 With finger on her mouth, and speaking nod,
 She stalks still trusted by the warrior God.

Around

Around the throne eternal laurels blow,
 Which on those Demi-Gods his hands bestow,
 Those favorite chiefs whose skill in many a field
 Has made to Wisdom's efforts Victory yield,
 Heroic crown! 'tis thy unfading charms
 Which court alone the illustrious chief to arms,
 Each selfish passion wings her harpy flight,
 While thou and Glory charm him to the fight.

'Midst the bright fane which various trophies grace,
 MARS at his will directs the human race;
 Between yon brazen columns turn your eyes,
 And mark the chiefs in sculptur'd order rise,
 In the cut marble frowns each daring son,
 On nations trading which his arms had won.

Here shine, so oft compar'd, each glorious name
 Mounting by different steps the heights of fame,

With

With whose renown still rings the earthly ball,
 This great by PERSIA's, that by POMPEY's fall;
 MILTIADES and CYMON grace the shrine,
 And ALGIBIADES thy form divine,
 EMILIUS, QUINTUS, FABIVS, SCIPIO, there
 Partake the triumph, and the incense share,
 VILLARS and CONDE', chiefs of newer date,
 And royal HENRY justly nam'd the Great,
 GUSTAVVS slain while Victory graced his side,
 And valiant WILLIAM, PRUSSIA's darling pride,
 • Illustrious ANHALT, BADEN, brave EUGENE,
 * GERMANIA's guardian, and his foe TURENNE.

New from the artist's hand, yon sculptur'd head,
 The palm fresh blooming o'er his temples spread,
 The glorious SAXON † see, the boast of FRANCE!
 Reserv'd in peace for Death's insatiate lance!

* Montecuculli.

† M. Saxe.

Come

Come beardless youths, EXPERIENCE sage
: behold,

Long us'd to labor, and in science old,
Silver'd with age her hoary head appears,
Her body bent beneath the weight of years,
Her limbs tho' scarr'd yet mock the strokes of time,
Vers'd in the arts of every age and clime
Her voice examples to the ear supplies,
And speaks of deeds familiar to her eyes.

She'll teach you SCIPIO's ardor to explore,
Protecting ROME on LIBYA's distant shore,
Till CARTHAGE calls her veteran troops again,
To meet disgrace on ZAMA's sultry plain;
While a less daring chief content to shield
From conquering foes ITALIA's ravag'd field,
Successful there, had thank'd propitious fate,
And guarded, not reveng'd, the insulted state.

Fell

Fell Discord while on haughty Rome the frown'd,
 With meeds of glory many a warrior crown'd,
 Skill'd to advance with speed, with care retreat,
 SERTORIUS see her baffled troops defeat,
 Amidst IBERIA's hills his well-train'd force,
 Checks ROME's adventurous eagle in her course;
 So much can Genius by her potent art,
 Success to arms in spite of chance impart.
 While a young Chief to rasher steps inclin'd,
 Leaving the rocks, and sheltering hills behind,
 Had in their Camp the numerous foe defied,
 And POMPEY dar'd with Fortune by his side.

CONDE' the great, BELLONA's favorite son,
 Of wasted FRANCE secur'd the tottering throne;
 The unhappy times a dauntless stroke require,
 To check of conquering foes the increasing fire.

In one decisive day for FRANCE and SPAIN,
Courage prevail'd where Prudence had been vain.
While timid measures weakly circumspect
Had tried alone the nation to protect,
The SPANISH chief embolden'd by delay,
To proud LUTETIA's walls had forced his way.

From Northern climes, the eternal winter's
reign,
See the dread squadron plow our-frighted main,
Drawn by GERMANIA's wrongs, the navy brings
The brave GUSTAVUS, and the fate of kings;
To him their cause the realms oppress'd confide,
MARS leads his steps, and PALLAS guards his side,
His threatening brows on AUSTRIA's Tyrant lower,
Resolv'd to curb VIENNA's growing power,
While STRALSUND's friendly ramparts still afford
A ready harbour to their daring Lord:

Assistance fortune to his aid lends,
 Join'd by each army of his succouring friends,
 With sure success he prosecutes the War,
 And Victory seems attendant on his car;
 With conquering arms he gives GERMANIA laws,
 Avenges every injur'd prince's cause,
 At once to glory, and to interest true,
 Asserts their rights, and then protects them too,
 And had not Fate in Victory's mourning arms
 Stopp'd by one cruel blow the War's alarms,
 His rapid power had shar'd the imperial throne,
 And GERMAN at once two CÆSARS known.

Behold of brave EUGENE the daring plan
 When GALLIA's lilies LOMBARDY o'er-ran,
 The opposing ALPS the unwearied Hero cross'd,
 TURIN exulting, view'd the friendly host,

Extended, MARSIN! o'er too large a field,
Thy troops at once in every quarter yeld;
The rapid chief by this exploit alone,
Forced ITALY her feeble prince to own.

Now through HUNGARIA's realms his march
pursue,
On DANUBE's brink his firm battalions view,
While BELGRADE's siege employs his great designs,
The numerous TURK furrounds him in his lines,
With unremitting toil the siege he plies,
Nor heeds the Vizier's daring enterprize;
He lets him now a new approach essay,
And o'er the rapid current urge his way;
Then like the fleeting wind with sudden force
On the stunn'd foe he pours his thundering horse:
Soon to his arms the astonish'd OTTHMANS yield;
The walls of BELGRADE, and the glorious field.

Illustrious

Illustrious * WILLIAM! from ELYSIUM's shade,
 Arise propitious to thy people's aid,
 To your brave sons the art of Victory tell,
 And teach those lessons which you knew so well.
 Your sons by that example mov'd alone,
 Shall want no precepts drawn from chiefs unknown;
 O glorious BRANDENBURGH! thy generous fire
 A grateful people ever shall admire,
 'The hapless sorrows of thy realms oppress'd,
 With powerful pity touch'd thy feeling breast,
 Quitting the crimson borders of the RHINE,
 On ELBE's disorder'd brink thy legions shine:
 Like tigers fierce the SWEDES with barbarous
 haste
 O'er-ran our fields, and laid our country waste,

* Elector of Brandenburg, called the Great Elector, (as the Royal Author of this Poem in his Memoirs for the History of the House of Brandenburg observes,) by the common voice of his own subjects, and the neighbouring states. The Victories mentioned in the Poem were gained in the year 1675.

The wretched native saw with wild amaze,
 The harvest ravag'd, and the city blaze,
 WRANGLE, of easy victory proudly sure,
 Amidst his rising laurels slept secure,
 Till wak'd at once he saw destruction near,
 And in our cause the avenging God appear;
 The saving Power impetuous speeds his way,
 Comes, views, and conquers, in one glorious
 day:

In vain the SWEDE collects his scatter'd force,
 And tries to stem this new ALCIDES' course,
 FEHERBELLIN witness of the glorious deed,
 Beheld with joy the GOTHIC army bleed.

Thus whilom 'midst ASSYRIA's haughty band,
 The avenging angel drove with furious hand,
 Perform'd the will of Heaven's eternal Lord,
 And millions fell beneath the ethereal sword.

But

But WILLIAM greater in the exulting hour,
 With heavenly mercy temper'd victory's power,
 Pardon'd of * HOMBERG's zeal the impetuous flight,
 Who rashly join'd too soon the dubious fight,
 Bade clemency with streams unfullied flow,
 Nor took revenge upon the suppliant foe,
 But while the yielding troops he knew to spare,
 On their arm'd bands he pour'd the rage of War,
 Till from his borders driven, the hostile train
 Seek shameful safety on the friendly main.

Still new exploits these daring deeds attend,
 To him her suppliant looks does PRUSSIA send,

* The Prince of Homberg, by rashly engaging without orders, hazarded the success of the battle, to whom the Elector gave only the following reprimand. 'If I were to judge you according to the rigor of Military Law, you have forfeited your life; but God forbid I should tarnish the glory of so happy a day by shedding the blood of a Prince who was one of the principal instruments of my victory.'

The wintry tempest and the ice-bound wave
But more inflame the ardor of the brave,
Astonish'd THETIS to another shore,
Upon her frozen bosom bears him o'er:
He comes!—where'er they hear his name resound,
The vanquish'd SWEDES retire, nor tempt a
wound;
With unresisted arms his legions go,
And gain a bloodless conquest o'er the foe.

Impatient youths in search of glory warm,
From this victorious Prince your model form,
Like him pursue with ceaseless toil and pain,
Each different path that leads to Honor's fane,
Your every scheme to Reason's touchstone bring,
And let her prune Imagination's wing;
Each motion of the foe with caution scan,
Mark all he does perform, and all he can.

Strength will be useleſs found, and courage vain,
Unleſs fair plenty cheer your warlike train.

* CHARLES, who of wavering fate prov'd each
ſucceſs,

The height of fame, the depth of ſad diſtreſs,
Would ne'er with tears have mourn'd his ruin'd
hoſt,

And in one day, nine years of Victory loſt,

Had not 'mid deſert wilds the artful Czar

Call'd pale-eyed famine to the aid of War.

The thunder treaſur'd 'gainſt your foe with
care,

To uſe with ſpeed, not raſhneſs, ſtill prepare.

Your plan with cool and ſtedfaſt ſtep purſue,

Think nothing done while aught remains to do,

Nor deem perform'd your deſtin'd taſk unleſs

Each different project's crown'd with full ſucceſs.

* Charles XII. of Sweden.

Thus when from CHAOS in confusion hurl'd,
The ALMIGHTY FIAT form'd the smiling world,
Mov'd by his plastic breath the atoms join'd,
And took the perfect shape his will design'd.

THE

THE
ART OF WAR.

B O O K IV.

WHEN Vice triumphant rul'd the iron age,
 And Justice left her seat to savage rage,
 'Gainst the rude neighbour prompt at rapine's call,
 The rising city rear'd the embattled wall,
 While shew'd the citadel it's strengthen'd tower,
 To guard the monarch from rebellious power;
 Then on the cliff, or by the foaming flood,
 With dreadful site the well-fenced rampart stood;
 Each narrow pass by threatening works was barr'd,
 And frequent forts the spacious frontier guard:

As

As the sharp fangs that arm the lion's jaw,
 With threaten'd fate the Moor affrighted aw,
 So where the borders of the realm extend,
 If bulwarks strong the lengthening lines defend,
 In vain combine of numerous foes the force,
 The guarded frontier checks their daring course.

War, first of Arts, that savage nation knew,
 By slow degrees to full perfection grew;
 GRECIA and ROME to fortify their power,
 Thicken'd the wall alone, or rear'd the tower,
 With missile weapons from whose threatening
 height,

Against the foe beneath they waged the fight;
 From the high sling the leaden ball was thrown,
 The arrow shot, or roll'd the ponderous stone.
 When now the assailing troops the town inclose,
 And deals the weighty ram it's thundering blows,

• Descending

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Descending dreadful from the lofty tower
On the machines a sulphurous stream they shower,
While numerous darts the approaching warrior
wound;

And pierce the temper'd buckler's ample round,
Till various schemes the assailant's labors foil,
And force the wearied chief to quit his toil.

I shall not here my lengthen'd song employ
To tell of PRIAM's fate, and burning TROY,
With reverence due my eyes those scenes explore,
Proud ILION's ashes, and SCAMANDER's shore,
But tales that VIRGIL's glowing lines display,
Would ill agree with my feverish lay.

Strong SYRACUSA's ramparts to destroy
See brave MARCELLUS every scheme employ,
While ARCHIMEDES' arts his labor foil,
Burn his machines, and mock his fruitless toil,

Repair

Repair each work, each tottering wall sustain,
And curb the force of ROME's imperious train.

MARSEILLES secur'd by many a strengthen'd
tower

Mock'd dauntless CÆSAR and his veteran power;
Wearied at length, but sure of fortune's aid,
He bid the sea their floating works invade.—
Thus check'd the siege long, bloody, and severe,
Of ROME's experienced chiefs the bold career.

In later times the powers infernal strove
To wrest the thunder from the hands of Jove,
These new machines have chang'd the face of
War.—

The shell from brazen engines thrown afar
Reaches with curve immense the distant wall,
It's ponderous force redoubled by the fall,

Bursts

Bursts 'mid the astonish'd train with horrid sound,
And cruel deaths unnumber'd scatters round:

Meanwhile the cannon with it's thundering breath
Sends forth terrific roars, and instant death;

Soon as the flash alarms our dazzled eyes,

Swift to the mark the iron bullet flies,

Lays in the dust the strongest bulwark low,

And gives a passage to the affailing foe.

This wonderful art reserv'd for modern days,

Whose power in sieges MARS has deign'd to
praise,

Is form'd by fable grains in tubes confin'd,

Of smoulder'd charcoal, salt, and sulphur join'd.

Once to the world this fatal secret known,

Inventive Art to new defence has flow'd;

No more to guard the town from hostile fears

She builds the bulwark, and the turret fears,

'Gainst

'Gainst force which all that checks it's way destroys,
 New skill she uses, and new arts employs.

VAUBAN, belov'd by MARS, whose forming hand,
 The best defence of modern ramparts plann'd,
 O that your glorious shade could now declare
 The wondrous artifice, the ceaseless care,
 Which in proud GALLIA's perfect forts conspire
 To check GERMANIA's arms, and BRITAIN's fire,
 How with strong works you each attack defied,
 And to the cruel art new force supplied.

Now the low works hid by the sheltering ground
 Despise the thundering cannon's dreadful sound,
 Strength to the wall the frequent buttress lends,
 While the vast ditch in front the approach defends
 The angle here projects, and there retires,
 And bastion bastion guards with flanking fires.

In

In the deep foss before the curtain placed,
 The ravelin see with threatening cannon graced,
 These second works prepar'd with skill profound,
 Form a new rampart, and dispute the ground.
 Round all these labors at a larger space
 The extended outworks rise, and guard the place,
 The trenches sink before, where give their aid
 The cover'd way, and threatening palisade;
 And the deep glacis spreads it's fatal green,
 Of combat, and of blood the dreadful scene.

What various works has man with plastic skill
 Drawn from the arts submissive to his will?
 Who but must think where GALLIA'S bulwarks
 lower,
 Defence has us'd her utmost stretch of power?
 Yet deem not so, below observe the mine
 With human rage where arts infernal join,
 The

The glacis 'neath your feet the abyfs contains,
 Where the black dust but waits the whizzing trains,
 To raise the parting earth with fiery breath,
 And strew the neighbouring works with blood and
 death.

Yet after all the effect of care and toil,
 No ramparts now the insulting foe can foil,
 For the same art the city which defends,
 Assistance equal to the assailant lends;
 The attack it's order and it's method knows,
 Perils in vain the experienced chief oppose,
 He wins his way through every threatening power,
 And awes by numerous troops each hostile tower.
 Should the bold foe attempt with dauntless face
 To force his Camp, and so relieve the place,
 Quick his laborious legions ope the ground,
 And wide retrenchments all the host surround.

The prudent chief his lines contracts with care,
 For works unguarded ill support the War;
 The fierce assault unwearied to sustain,
 Let for relief a strong reserve remain,
 Then in the Camp, if smiling plenty flow,
 Mock every effort of the insulting foe.

With care the place's strength and weakness learn,
 And all your powers combin'd against it turn;
 With cautious step advance, the attack being plann'd,
 The line, the rule, the compass in your hand,
 Your parallels along the country draw,
 And by your winding works the fortrefs awe.

Now from the thundering engine flies the ball,
 The bulwarks tremble, and the ramparts fall,
 From their strong posts o'ercome by constant fire,
 The steady troops that check'd your march retire,

From flanking shots that sideway bound along,
Soon quit the cover'd way, the hostile throng;
Your conquering steps the sloping glacis tread,
But there untried the faithless verdure dread,
Beneath your feet be sure the wily foe,
With sulphurous blast prepares the fatal blow;
Be cautious then, advance with anxious pain,
Sound well the mines, and spare your valiant
train.

Before you push the bold attack too far,
Mind to conclude the subterranean war;
The miner first his useful works askance,
Should to the glacis' verdant base advance.
To save from hidden death each bold brigade,
Assault with fury near the palisade,
And when your troops that bloody region awe,
Swift to the spot your brazen engines draw,

The works shall totter at each fatal blow,
While sinks the crumbling bulwark mined below,
The trench is fill'd, around the warriors bleed,
And to assaults still fresh assaults succeed.

Oft while the troops the fugitives pursue,
The place they enter, and at once subdue;
Thus GALLIA's sons by martial ardor fir'd,
Advancing boldly as their foes retir'd,
Seizing with eager hands the favoring hour,
Bent * HAINAULT's capital to LEWIS' power.

Observe the soldier, and his rage restrain,
Less fierce the savage of the LIBYAN plain,
Unless your power confin'd his fury hold,
By plunder lur'd, with savage licence bold,
His sanguine crimes while wrath his bosom warms,
Shall fully all the lustre of your arms.

* Valenciennes.

The cruel chief who lets his troops assuage
In carnage and excess their bloody rage,
Though Conquest lead him o'er her wide domain,
Shall view Disgrace his fairest laurels stain,
While all mankind in mercy's cause combin'd,
His worth forgetting, curse his ruthless mind.

TILLY, who 'neath the imperial eagle fought,
By glorious deeds immortal honor bought,
One bloody cloud eclips'd it's rays divine,
And wip'd his name from memory's hallow'd shrine:
And bleeding MAGDEBURGH thy cries proclaim
His tarnish'd glory, and his deathless shame.

Ye valiant warriors, if with mournful breath
My voice describes the dreadful scene of death,
'Tis to wake horror for the scene of woe,
And bid your breasts with indignation glow.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with fallacious hopes of sudden peace,
 Their watchful guard the hapless inmates cease,
 Lull'd by a faithless truce's mean disguise,
 The treacherous TILLY seals their wakeful eyes;
 Now drowsy MORPHEUS o'er the unthinking
 train

Spreads the soft languors of his leaden reign,
 On the firm rampart tir'd with constant toil,
 The flumbering centries press the dewy soil;
 Security and peace the foldier seize,
 He quits the trenches for domestic ease;
 From STYGIAN shores the lying fiend appears,
 And with deceitful arm the olive rears,
 On every side the shouts of joy resound,
 And Prudence' voice in festive notes is drown'd.

The watchful TILLY 'mid the dread repose,
 Bids his still chiefs their ardent troops dispose,

O'er the strong works with silent step, and slow,
The cruel AUSTRIAN mounts, nor meets a foe.
Ah, hapless race! whom empty hope deceives,
Lo! peace to treason's power the city leaves;
Doubling the horror of the midnight shade,
See the funereal wing of death display'd,
Remorseless Rage, and Hell's destructive band
Arm with infernal swords the victor's hand,
Pale Nature groans, and through the thundering
 skies,
With useless aim the gleaming lightning flies.

TILLY whose hate no mercy could restrain,
Gave to his vengeful troops the loosen'd rein;
Slaughter and rapine rage on every side,
And the sad walls with native blood are dyed.
O'er the fell scene the insatiate chief presides,
Inflames their vengeance, and their savage guides,

The

The example fires the mildest of their train,
 They force the peaceful house, and sacred fane;
 The valiant who oppose, the weak who fly,
 Alike with undistinguish'd horror die.
 Pierced in the mother's arms the infant's blood
 Pours o'er the parent's breast a purple flood,
 The father tries in vain the son to save,
 But unrecover'd sinks with him to the grave,
 Nor age, nor sex their hellish rage disarm,
 To pity deaf, and blind to Beauty's charm.
 Feeble with years the hoary priest in vain
 Grasps with his mournful arms the hallow'd fane;
 Three hundred fathers bent by wasting time,
 Slain at the altar's foot increase their crime.
 While 'midst the horrid scene our eyes behold
 The timid virgin by despair made bold,
 By shame impell'd, the dread of danger brave,
 And fearless plunge in ELBE's ensanguin'd wave.

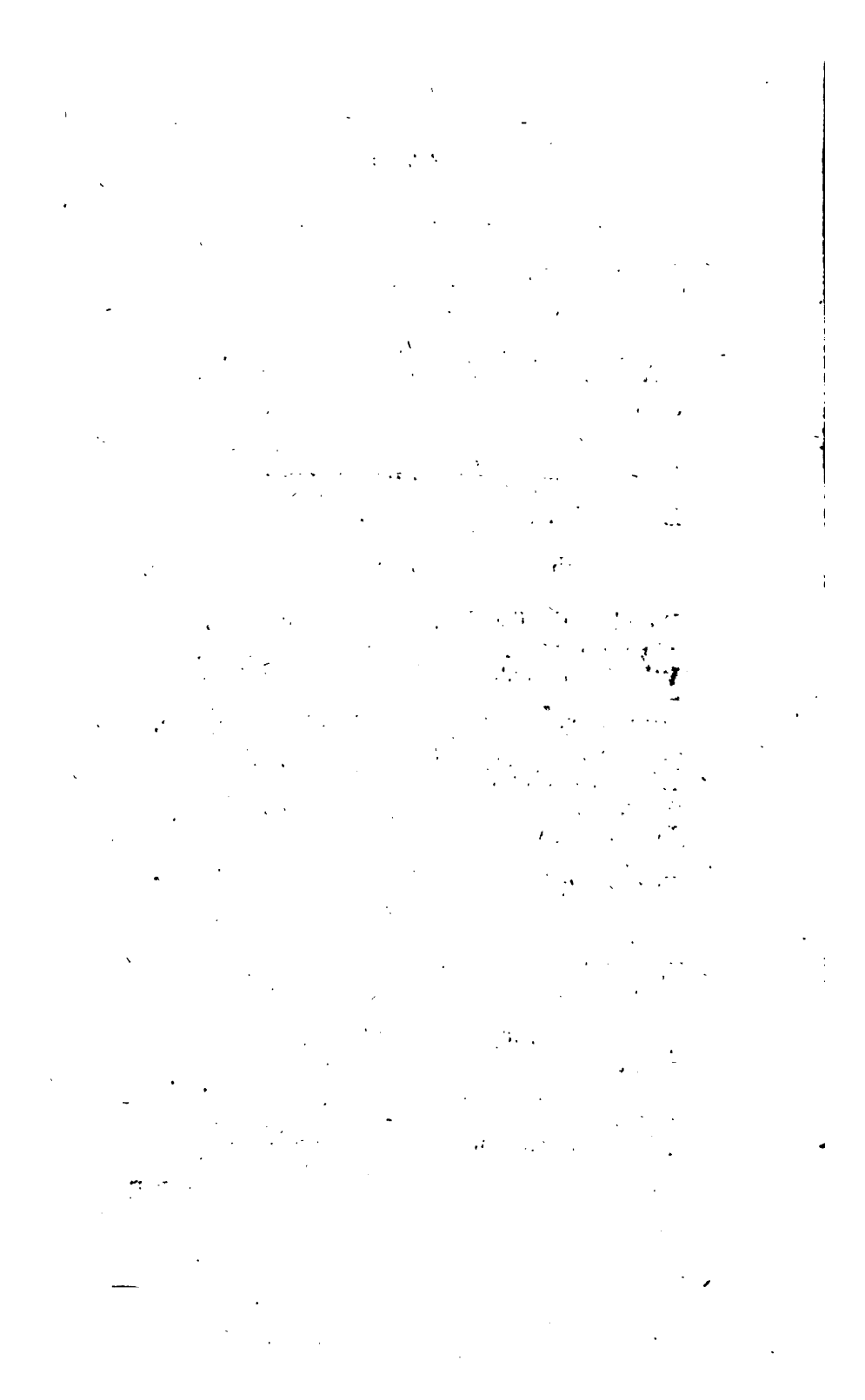
But Heavens! what horrid spectacle appears!
 What rage unknown each savage bosom fears!—
 Why in your hands do baneful torches flame?
 Infernal fiends! who blast the Soldier's name!—
 See the fierce fires each lofty pile destroy,
 The city blazes round, another Troy;
 From house to house the shining ruins glide,
 And horrid clamors swell on every side;
 Who 'scape the flames the shining falchions glean,
 While nature trembles 'mid the infernal scene.
 So paint our sinking hearts the dread abode,
 By torturing fiends, and hellish dæmons trod,
 Where furies in gorgonian terrors clad
 Chastise the impious, and appal the bad,
 Where wretches endless torments undergo,
 And fill the measure of eternal woe.
 Such, and more dreadful, in those fatal hours
 Appear'd, O MAGDEBURGH! thy shatter'd towers,

As

As by the conflagration's lurid ray,
Shewn to the fight thy smoaky ruins lay.

The city once of peace the fair retreat,
Of every smiling art the favorite seat,
In the short space of one unhappy night,
Lies a sad desert to the passer's sight,
Where with his crimes fatigu'd the soldier stands,
Proud of the slaughter of his savage hands,
While ELBE's affrighted waves forsake the shore
With corpes choak'd, and red with human gore.
Did Fortune's smiles the cruel TILLY crown
For loosing vengeance on the unhappy town?
Devouring flames a useful conquest spoil'd,
And one vast scene of devastation wild
Fair MAGDEBURGH appears, whose ruins lie
A dreadful prospect to the Victor's eye,
And seem to call the immortal powers to shed
A tenfold vengeance on the Author's head.

T H E



THE
A R T O F W A R.

B O O K. V.

PALLAS, whose hand can through each de-
vious road

Conduct your steps to Victory's bright abode,
Teach you success in every hour to find,
And for each season form the Hero's mind,
Shall now in verse the prudent art disclose,
To guard your peaceful quarter's calm repose.

When hoary Winter bids each freezing wind
Range o'er the regions free and unconfin'd,

When

When foe to ZEPHYR, BOREAS' raging blast
Lays the rich field and smiling orchard waste,
No more the trees when leaves and fruitage grace,
But icicles and snow usurp their place,
When biting frosts the harden'd rivulet chain,
And the sad herds forsake the barren plain,
Then the cold Camp upon the mountain's brow
Shrinks as the cutting winds tempestuous blow ;
Awhile the warriors to the season yield ;
Stop their exploits, and quit the ice-bound field ;
Though either side alike breathe martial fire,
From Winter's freezing powers they both retire ;
Scatter'd in towns, from War they respite take,
And for warm roofs their canvas walls forsake.
The soldier train'd with hardy limbs to bear,
The rage of battle, and the force of War,
Should in the winter taste of quiet's joys,
For constant toil the strongest frame destroys.

Here

Here warlike Art it's nicest care supplies,
 To guard his sacred rest from quick surprize;
 Ready and form'd for fight a numerous train
 The insulting offers of the foe restrain,
 O'er all the front the well-fenced posts extend,
 And by their force the lengthen'd line defend;
 Each narrow pass that Nature's hands have barr'd
 From the bold foe must strong detachments guard;
 Some leader fam'd, in whom the chief confides,
 Protects the approach, and o'er the chain presides,
 While round the swift dragoon and fleet huffar,
 Prevent with watchful eyes each wile of War,
 With constant care distress the harrafs'd foes,
 Hang o'er their march, and all their schemes
 disclose,
 Report each fresh design, each movement new,
 Distress their Camps, and baffle every view.

When

When each detail is settled in your breast
That prudence could foresee or skill suggest,
And all your cares and troubles seem as o'er,
One new contingency may give you more ;
When cold ORION binds the whiten'd fields,
And o'er the flood a transient passage yields,
The wakeful chief her joys bids Quiet cease,
And Danger courts amidst the smiles of Peace.

'Tis not enough your host secure may lie,
It's discipline severe, it's spirit high,
You must with care replace the generous train
Who nobly perish'd on the ensanguin'd plain,
Conquest is bought with blood, and every shade
Whose corse on honor's field was bleeding laid,
Will a supply of dauntless hearts demand,
To assert the glory of the daring band ;

Then

Then to these prudent precepts bend your mind,
And succour firm in new-rai'd levies find.

As by the watchful fisher's wily hand
The river's silent inmates are trepann'd,
So the false lustre of deceitful gold
Lures the poor laborer from the farm or fold;
Ignorant of what excites contending kings,
Chance to the intrepid band his footsteps brings,
Where courage firm, and discipline severe,
Change to a soldier's fire a peasant's fear.

Success in War from numerous troops may flow,
Your force alone may check the timid foe—
Of perfect limbs, and from a generous breed,
With careful glance select the martial steed,
From offer'd numbers cull'd with cautious hand,
Young, vigorous, docile, like your warrior band.

Let

Let bounteous CERES fill with laughing eye,
Your crouded Camp with constant food supply,
The splendid arts of victory all are cross'd,
Unless more useful arts subsist your host.
This Camp, this People, by your motions sway'd,
Twice every day shall dire disease invade,
Whose force, if not allay'd by prudent care,
With cruel fangs shall thin the ranks of War;
Useless the sons of GALEN find their skill,
Unless your plenteous stores abundance fill:
Should this important duty 'scape your mind,
Soon 'mid your fainting legions shall you find,
Drawn from the barren rocks that form her cave,
Her horrid pinions squalid Famine wave;
A thousand ills her fatal steps attend,
Seditious cries the ambient ether rend,
Weakness and Fear, and Misery's tainting breath,
Pallid Despair, inexorable Death;

Then

Then 'mid the Camp where dying myriads groan,
 Say will you fight deserted and alone?
 Prevent the evil, and with careful eye,
 Observe that plenteous marts your host supply,
 So shall your arms amidst repose prepare
 For future triumphs, and successful War.

While the bold chief, intent on new alarms,
 With care arrays his levied force for arms,
 Each generous leader now at ease reclines,
 And 'midst his laurel wreaths the myrtle twines,
 His faithful consort full of blushing charms
 Forgets the pains of absence in his arms;
 Ah happy hours! ah moments doubly dear!
 Purchas'd by many a pang, and many a tear,
 What joy an end of gushing grief to know,
 Dried by the hand whose dangers made it flow!

To hear his glorious deeds with new delight,
Pride of the War, and honor of the fight,
To feel that heart which danger ne'er could move
Pant 'midst the charming agonies of Love!

With kisses sweet in amorous rapture press'd,
To stop that voice which steel'd the soldier's breast,
Rous'd him to gallant deeds with martial breath,
And taught the way to Victory, or death!

• While on his faithful partner's breast reclin'd,
Rests the brave head to peaceful thoughts resign'd,
Pleas'd with his presence round him jocund move
The beauteous pledges of connubial love:

His hands victorious now endearing seize,
Or with their infant arms embrace his knees,
And burn to tread the thorny path that leads
To martial honors and immortal deeds:

A thousand little arts they smiling try,
While every motion charms a parent's eye,

That

That rears the buckler with a feeble hand,
This tries in vain to wield the shining brand,
Or lift the helmet, while their breasts aspire
To trace the glorious footsteps of their sire.

Thus tender HYMEN knows with gentle power
On faithful hearts unnumber'd joys to shower,
When fond esteem in every look's express'd,
And mutual passion fires each feeling breast,
Joys to those trifling tribes of youth unknown,
Who pay their vows to Change's fickle throne,
Chaste is the bliss that fires the hero's heart,
And pure that love where weakness has no part:
He knows the bonds of softness to despise,
And swift to arms at Honor's mandate flies.

Amidst these joys that sense and duty guide,
Where healthful Rest, and Temperance preside,

To shameful sloth no wiles luxurious charm,
 Relax his courage, and unnerve his arm,
 Ready for War when Glory's call requires;
 Stung with new rage, and warm'd by fiercer fires,
 Before the Winter ends his flow career,
 And opening flowrets paint the vernal year,
 To posts advanced the eager Generals haste,
 The scheme's projected, and the encampment traced,
 The roads to march the assembling troops are plan'd
 By skilful engineers with cautious hand,
 While the slow work the impatient chief pursues,
 And with strict eye the growing labor views;
 Each various art with prudent arm prepares,
 That asks his present or his future cares;
 Sage Diffidence the mother of Success,
 Bids him his thoughts to every scheme address,
 Chafes soft slumber from his closing eyes,
 And to his toil a constant zeal supplies.

The foe, the cries, with ceaseless ardor view,
Mark what he does, and what he means to do,
His Camp in every part with spies surround,
Watch every motion, catch each trifling sound,
Be to your mind his every look display'd,
Learn his design, and even his thoughts pervade :
Spare not the dross that tempts mankind to sin,
The certain knowledge of his schemes to win.
With stranger eyes still prove your favorite plan,
And with severest care your actions scan.
Deem not yon hills whose summits high extend
From sudden rage your quarters can defend,
Nor the bold troops who guard yon river's brink
With shining arms a certain barrier think.
The monstrous ALPS which seem'd with lengthen'd
chain
A bulwark firm to Rome's superb domain,

Yield to ITALIA'S plains a vain relief,
Scal'd by the ardor of the PUNIC chief:
In vain their summits to his march oppose
Cliffs rough with rocks, and white with endless
 snows,
Through undiscover'd paths he shapes his way,
Surprises, fights, and wins the glorious day,

VENDOME depending on the mountain's guard,
Whose heights fair LOMBARDY thy frontier barr'd,
Saw brave EUGENE by ways then unexplor'd,
With daring troops the rapid ADIGE ford,
Strike with undaunted speed the vigorous blow,
And free from SEINE'S command the exulting Po.

Those torrents mark!—when Winter's power
 they own,
And o'er their stream an icy bridge is thrown,

Sudden

Sudden the adverse host with rapid course
 May pass the channel and your quarters force,
 While your disorder'd troops dispers'd by fright
 Shall seek their safety in inglorious flight;
 Thus shall one fatal moment veil in flame
 Your former deeds, and blast your martial fame.

A quarter forced a thousand ills attend,
 A thousand fears your baffled legions bend,
 Your troops at once rebellious and dismay'd,
 Your influence lost, your orders disobey'd,
 Despair and grief to ardent zeal succeed,
 In those that follow, and in those that lead,
 Each sanguine hope by one sad check you lose,
 And ruin's certain if the foe pursues.

BOURNONVILLE foil'd, yet in misfortune brave,
 Pass'd with his troops the RHINE'S majestic wave,

TURENNE retreats before his numerous train,
Nor dares attempt the mountains of LORRAIN;
Of art regardless, and of fortune sure,
Ere Winter's cold, the GERMAN too secure
His scatter'd forces o'er ALSATIA spreads,
Nor heeds the danger hanging o'er their heads;
But while he thought the imperial bird might close
Her drowfy eyes secure from following foes,
Sudden TURENNE (the opposing mountains cross'd)
O'er the wide champain pours the assembled
 host;
That day he gain'd by one important blow
An easy Victory o'er a scatter'd foe,
While the astonish'd Chief his host to save,
With speed repasses RHINE's tempestuous wave.

Even Winter's frosts shall aid your rapid course,
And hours of rest assist your daring force;

By

By care assembled, and by ardor led,
 Against the foe dispers'd, your legions head,
 By fear dismay'd, disorder'd by surprise,
 Without a blow his ruin'd army flies.
 To conduct sage her aid let speed unite,
 Dispel his forces, and pursue his flight,
 Examples drawn from every age unfold,
 That favoring fortune still attends the bold.

So to the SAXON race the chief appear'd
 O'er STANISLAUS his favoring shield who rear'd,
 When quitting laurels for the myrtle bough,
 AUGUSTUS paid to love the tender vow.
 While lull'd to ease by VENUS' witching charms,
 He left his glory for a mistress' arms,
 His brow adorn'd with Luxury's soft crown,
 Forgetting POLAND, War, and fair renown;

With

With sudden force the AMMON of the north
Resistless pour'd his veteran legions forth,
Disturb'd with arms each BACCHANALIAN rite,
While Love and hireling legions take their flight,
And the sad sovereign sees his rival place
Another on that throne he us'd to grace.

So when the eagle, favorite bird of Jove,
Wings his bold flight the thundering clouds above,
And on the lessening earth beholds his prey
O'er the steep hills, or through the forests stray,
Swift to his death on soaring wing he flies,
And to his eyry bears the bleeding prize,

THE
ART OF WAR.

B O O K VI.

THUS has VICTORIA taught me to impart
The rigid precepts of her glorious Art.

We've trac'd the rules of Battle from their source,
The power of Discipline, and Order's force,
How the wise chief the Encampment may secure,
And keep from fierce attacks his quarters sure,
With ceaseless fire the threatening fortrefs awe,
And bend the city to the Victor's law.

Rising to nobler heights, my closing strain

Shall trace the image of the embattled plain,

Teach

Teach those who tempt this ocean's dangerous wave
From rocks and shoals their venturous barks to save,
And lead the warrior youth with helpful care
To scenes of combat, and the rage of War.

Behold the glorious lifts, the famous field,
Where oft the victor chief has learn'd to yield,
Lifts which the flame of many a warrior tell,
Where WILLIAM stumbled, and where MARSH
fell,

Here oft has fail'd the bold adventurer's soul,
And flag'd his ardor ere he reach'd the goal,
This was the scene of POMPEY'S, PYRRHUS' fall,
With CRASSUS, MITHRIDATES, HANNIBAL,
The bloody vestige of their loss remains
A dreadful object on the crimson'd plains;
Yet in these fields by better genius taught,
CESAR and MACEDONIA'S Monarch fought,

Here

Here triumph'd CONDE', VILLARS, brave TU-
RENNE,

GUSTAVUS, MAURICE, LUXEMBURGH, EUGENE.

O valiant youths, by their exploits inspir'd,
Distrust your breasts with flame impetuous fir'd.
Few of the daring train who court renown
Receive from Victory's hands the envied crown,
Some new attempt the conqueror's with employs,
And one sad day his former fame destroys:
So the bold chief who ILIUM's cause sustain'd,
Against a hundred kings the war maintain'd,
TYDIDES yields, their backs the GRECIANS turn,
Brave AJAX rages, while the vessels burn,
PATROCLUS sinks beneath his weighty blow,
And quits ACHILLES' armour to the foe,
But check'd at once in conquest's bright career,
He vanquish'd falls beneath the PELIAN spear.

Such

Such fate alas! attended * CHARLES'S fame,
 Nine years of glory, and nine years of shame.

If chiefs like these in combat vers'd have found
 Their honors fade as fortune sudden frown'd,
 If they have fall'n from fortune's giddy height,
 What can ye hope yet novices in fight?—
 Scarce wean'd by fierce BELLONA's fostering arms,
 Young in the field, and new to War's alarms.

But, spite of sage Instruction's prudent force
 Like fiery steeds impatient for the course,
 Ye break away from Reason's sacred rein,
 Ardent to tempt the dangers of the plain.—
 Let not the flattering voice of foolish pride,
 Nor self opinion's breath your movements guide,
 Examine first your breast with strictest care,
 And learn what talents, and what strength are there,

* Charles XII.

Nor take the ambitious hopes that fire your heart,
 For the pure flame that Genius' rays impart;
 In vain you boast the strength of those who wage
 The sportive fight on LONDON's barbarous stage,
 Baffling the foe with finews never tir'd,
 By clowns applauded, and by fools admir'd.
 Should you excel the giant race who move
 The impious battle 'gainst the throne of Jovs,
 Whose arms to scale OLYMPUS' summit, throw
 Proud Ossa's cliffs on PELION's craggy brow;
 Should you with this the dauntless heart combine
 Of raging MARS when thundering armies join;
 All these are weak the applauding MUSE to gain,
 And strength, and size, and courage all are vain.

Much more MINERVA from the chief requires
 Wisdom should guide his breast while Courage
 fires,

There

There Valor cool with temperate Ardor lies,—
 Swift without rashness, without weakness wise,
 His prudent care should o'er his troops preside,
 And 'mid the battle's rage their efforts guide,
 Check rude Disorder's flight with eager hand,
 And aid the fainting, or the o'er-number'd band;
 With watchful art before their want prepare—
 Each needful requisite of doubtful War;
 Oppose fresh schemes to every new alarm,
 And only yield to Fate's superior arm.

Your senses quick, your judgment clear and
 just,

Act from yourself, nor aught to Fortune trust,
 Resolve in council, cautious, timid, slow,
 But verge to rashness when you strike the blow,
 Nor tempt the fight for causes slight and vain,
 Where slaughter reaps the harvest of the plain.

To

To you, her force the trusting state confides,
 Your skill the soldier's generous ardor guides,
 Prompt at his leader's nod to arms he flies,
 And marks each signal with assiduous eyes;
 Give but the word, attentive to command,
 Pours on the embattled foe the veteran band;
 So the fierce Tiger on the Lion flies,
 While purple gore his tawny bosom dyes.

Behold the field by morn's sad lustre, spread
 With dreadful heaps, the dying, and the dead;
 Here of your foes the crimson currents glide,
 There swells the blood of friends the horrid tide,
 Scatch'd o'er the ground your warriors laid supine,
 Remain sad victims on Ambition's shrine,
 While the pale mother, and the weeping bride
 Your triumphs mourn, and curse your ruthless
 pride;

Rather than such distress your minds should please,
Rather than shine in fatal spoils like these,
Perish of Victory's meed the tarnish'd crown!
By frantic passion gain'd, not true renown.
Say, who in bleeding trophies would appear,
Or boast a glory which he buys so dear?

No! with parental care your army lead,
Behold with grief the meanest soldier bleed,
They love their leaders, but their tyrants hate;
We owe their lives and welfare to the state.
When Mars permits be each attention shewn,
And spare their blood though lavish of your own.
But when by various wrongs your bosom's steel'd,
Your groaning country calling to the field,
And 'twixt the foe and you the uncertain scale
Of fight must shew whose fortune shall prevail,

Eager for War, and prodigal of blood,
Loose all their ardor like a rushing flood,
Then shall they shew that valor courts applause,
Nor fears to perish in a glorious cause.

The chief, whose breast BELLONA's precepts
fill,

Ne'er tempts the fight repugnant to his will,
By foresight warn'd, and of his cohorts sure,
He wards each offer'd blow with arm secure;
Soldier in action, though a Chief in care,
He ne'er receives, but meets the shock of War:
Still smiling fortune hears the assailant's call,
The ponderous ram batters the opposing wall,
O'erthrows with dreadful crush the lofty tower,
And gives a passage to the invader's power,
While with faint arms within, the trembling train
The falling bulwarks strive to guard in vain.

Always attack, so shall BELLONA kind,
 Smile on your banners waving to the wind,
 And favoring fortune aid the daring arms,
 Whose rapid charge the expecting foe alarms.
 But should the fickle power in Prudence' spite
 Wing to the adverse host her changing flight,
 Meet each distress with brow unruffled still,
 And every frown of Fate correct by skill,
 With better hopes your downcast legions warm,
 And stand unshaken 'midst the threatening
 form;
 For as the dusky scenes of fable night
 Shew with more force the Stars refulgent light,
 So 'mid misfortune's gloom with tenfold blaze,
 Your glorious fame shall dart unnumber'd rays,
 Courage her native worth with pride advance,
 And glorious Wisdom triumph over Chance.

If VILLARS saw his gallant bands retreat,
 DENAIN o'erpaid MALPLAQUET's sad defeat,
 One happy hour may years of loss repay,
 As vanquish'd VILLARS won at last the day.

The fight unnumber'd different forms combine,
 When in the plain the embattled armies join
 In open combat 'neath their leader's eyes,
 Each daring host it's utmost efforts tries:
 While the high cliffs, or brooks that flow between,
 Of less, but bloodier conflicts are the scene,
 When to the Chief strong posts their aid afford,
 And the well-chosen ground assists the sword.

See to the field array'd in warlike pride,
 The panting troops advance on either side,
 The extending front increases as they go,
 This, (instant-form'd) attacks at once the foe;

The rapid squadrons swift as thought engage,
And seek the hostile troops who shun their rage,
'Mid the thick clouds which smog and dust afford
With dreadful lustre gleams the murderous sword;
Slaughter pursues the troops by fear dismay'd,
And hostile carnage dyes each reeking blade;
Here the deserted foot (the equestrian train
Whose ardor should their naked flanks sustain,
Forced from the field to take their rapid course,)
Dread of the approaching foe the fatal force,
Unnumber'd deaths while brazen cannons shower,
Onward impetuous moves the adverse power,
The bayonet shines with dreadful lustre bright,
Sudden the astonish'd foe prepares for flight,
Now fresh battalions rushing to engage,
Attack his fenceless flanks with tenfold rage,
He fears, he faints, he yields, and trembling flies,
While human blood the thirsty herbage dyes;

A thousand murderous tubes with dreadful fire
 Pour horrid slaughter as his ranks retire,
 Each runs dispers'd as fortune casts his lot,
 His post, his colors, and his chief forgot.
 Ne'er let the fears of scatter'd troops repose,
 Ne'er build a golden bridge for flying foes,
 The conquering chief resolv'd no time to lose,
 The fugitives with slacken'd rein pursues,
 The blest occasion grasps with eager care,
 And one illustrious day concludes the War.

EUGENE near HOCKSTET's walls where GALLIA's
 host

On ground unfit TALLARD and MARSIN post,
 Pours on each wing the battle's furious tides,
 Their centre pierces, and their force divides;
 Disarm'd and vanquish'd, GALLIA's haughty race,
 In captive crouds the victor's triumph grace;

No more their troops the scatter'd foes combine,
 But fly inglorious to the distant Rhine:
 Thus in their turn, when in ALMANZA's field,
 The BARRISH Lions to the Lily yield,
 The gallant BERWICK, fortunately brave,
 IBERIA's throne to happy BOURBON gave.

Now other fights behold!—on yonder brow
 That frowns tremendous on the vales below,
 Extended see the proud battalions stand,
 Veil'd in impervious clouds of dust and sand,
 Behold the foe approach, he forms his lines,
 Full in his front the powerful phalanx shines,
 Unfit the ground the charging horse to bear,
 The rapid cuirassiers possess the rear:
 The Chief advances first with careful eye,
 To mark their station and their force defery;

The skilful conduct of one well-aim'd blow
 May give him conquest, and destroy the foe,
 Of time, and place, if proper use he makes,
 His weakness marks, and each advantage takes.
 His daring foot advancing on the right,
 Scale 'mid the cannon's rage the mountain's
 height,

Attack'd, confounded in their strengthen'd post,
 Scatter'd and vanquish'd flies their ruin'd host,
 The Victor profits by his foes disgrace,
 And rush the horse unwearied to the chase.

Thus FRIBURG's day would CONDE's glory raise.—

• With equal courage, and with equal praise
 Thus SAXE before his grateful monarch's eyes,
 Offering of foes a bloody sacrifice,
 Forced the confederate bands to sudden flight,
 And placed his ensigns on their mountains height,

• At the battle of Val,

Nought

Nought stops the chief whose arms **BELLONA**
guides.

If in his Camp the foe his legions hides,
Fearing again to meet in open field:

The force that taught his troops o'er-match'd to
yield,

If faintly brave, and wisely circumspect,

He makes the strengthen'd post his troops protect,

Still with the hero (some new scheme employ'd)

Force him to dare the fight he would avoid,

By various fears his troubled breast alarms,

Turns to the neighbouring towns his threatening
arms,

Before three cities now at once appears,

And fills their failing hearts with equal fears,

While trembling each expects the impending blow,

Direst and furious wait the wasting foe,

Forced

Forced to the piercing calls of want to yield,
 And dare on equal terms the embattled field:
 For from it's dam will sooner fly the fawn,
 And quit the breast from whence it's life is drawn,
 Than the wise chief abandon to your power
 The towns which Plenty on his legions pour.

When of your march the swiftness to avoid;
 The subtle foe has rapid streams employ'd,
 And thinks their waves shall stop your destin'd
 way,

Reflect how HANNIBAL obtain'd the day;
 On RHONE'S high banks while ROME opposing
 flood,
 Feining, he elsewhere fords the dangerous flood,
 And joining artful wiles to daring force,
 The CONSUL mock'd who thought to check his
 course.

O glorious leader of my rival's cause,

* CHARLES! from a foe receive thy just applause,
A foe from envy and from hatred free,

Who pays the tribute due to truth and thee:

The swelling stream of that majestic tide,

Whose waves from FRANCE the imperial realms
divide,

And on it's guarded brink the embattled band,

In vain the progress of thy arms withstand,

RHINE, troops, and threatening danger, all in vain,

Oppose the march, no peril stops LORRAIN.

In different corps the soldiers charge the foe,

Strike all at once the unexpected blow,

O'er the swift stream the bridges sudden laid,

Secure thy passage, and thy courage aid,

To thy assailing ardor GALLIA yields,

And AUSTRIAN legions waste ALSATIA's fields,

* Prince Charles of Lorraine,

Say

Say shall the fame of THOLUS' day be lost,
 When *LEWIS forced BATAVIA's strengthen'd post?
 Pass'd RHINE thy waves with matchless courage
 o'er,

And swimming reach'd secure the opposing shore?—
 Such are the deeds that MARS delights to bless,
 Where courage nobly daring, gives success.

But if to solid fame your breast aspire,
 With heavenly Mercy temper Valor's fire,
 The bravest chief that graced the ROMAN state,
 In every place and every action great,
 When bow'd the world to his triumphant reign,
 Preserv'd his foes on fam'd PHARSALIA's plain.

At FONTENOY see † LEWIS, generous foe!
 Mild in success, console the captive's woe,

* LEWIS XIV.

† LEWIS XV.

Tempering

Tempering with God-like mercy martial rage,
 His generous hands the prisoners grief assuage,
 They bathe with grateful tears the Victor's arms,
 His valor bends them, but his mercy charms,
 To War's distress his goodness lustre gives,
 A Hero conquers, but a God forgives,

Pursue, brave youths, the illustrious chiefs I
 sing,

So shall exulting fame on eagle's wing,
 Chanting with ceaseless voice each deathless name,
 To distant regions tell your honest fame.
 While listening virtue on her heavenly throne,
 Of heroes proud, *ASTREA* deigns to own,
 Fond of the chiefs on whom fair Mercy waits,
 Shall ope Eternity's stupendous gates;
 There in the seats for Innocence design'd,
 Their glorious meed the martial Virtues find,

There

There sit above the rest the truly Great,
 Who blefs with peaceful arts the happy state,
 With laurels deck'd, and shining garments here
 Good Kings and virtuous Magistrates appear,
 Conquerors how few, but every Chief who draws
 His sword for Justice and his Country's cause.

O should you one day take this generous flight,
 And scale of Heaven sublime the exalted height,
 Think of the Martial Muse, whose voice severe,
 To fame heroic urg'd the bold career,
 Temper'd with precept, by example fir'd,
 And all your heart with Virtue's charms inspir'd.

F I N I S.